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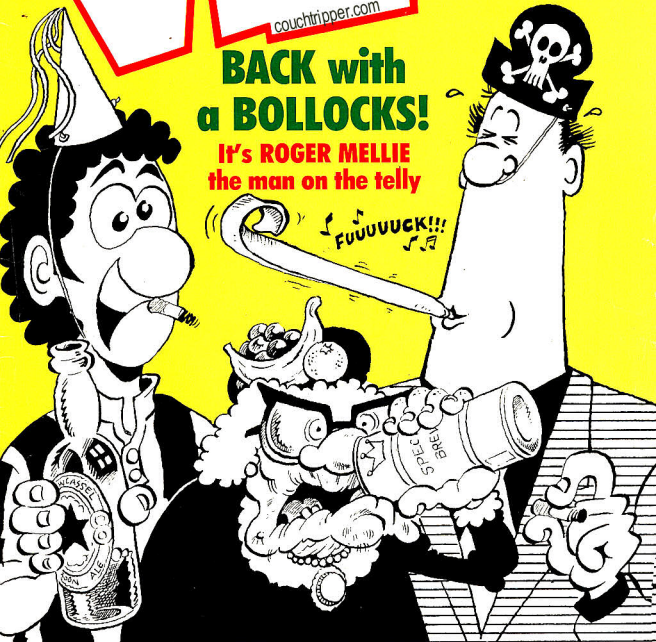
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# **BACK with a BOLLOCKS!**

**It's ROGER MELLIE  
the man on the telly**

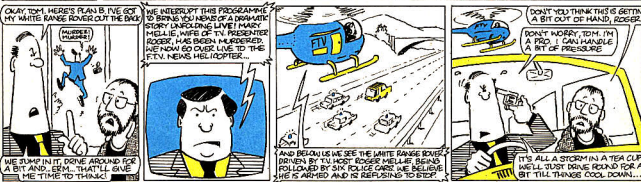
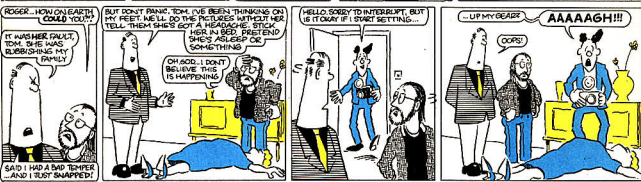
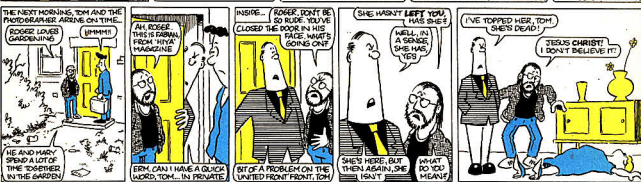


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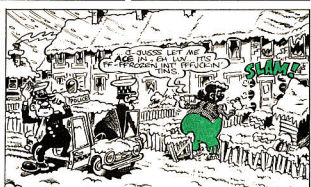
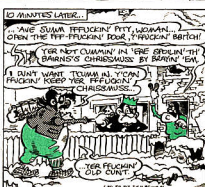
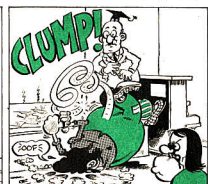
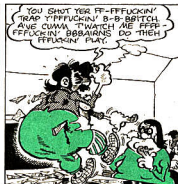
# ROGER MELLIE- THE MAN ON THE TELLY



Don't miss the trial of R.J.Mellie - LIVE in the next issue!











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# Letterbooks

## Bum note

□ I doubt whether John Lennon could have sung the immortal line "What-ever gets you through the night, s'alright, s'alright" with much conviction had he just woken to find his partner anally masturbating with his toothbrush in the early hours.

Andrew Francis  
Manchester

□ I played the latest Beatles single "Free As A Bird" to my pet budgerigar, but he failed totally to see the irony of the situation.

A. Faith  
West Bromwich

□ My Grandad always warned us against keeping two pencils in the same pocket. "They could rub together while you're running for a bus, and set your trousers on fire", he'd say. He passed away some years ago, but it is doubtless thanks to him that I have never kept two pencils in the same pocket, and my trousers have never caught fire while running for a bus.

G. Dog  
Kennel, Herts.

## That's Wife

□ Desmond Wilcox has received a lot of sympathy after announcing that he is going deaf. Frankly, if I was married to Esther Rantzen and found I could no longer hear her voice, I'd need plastic surgery to get the fucking smile off my face.

G. Fish  
Bowl, near Glossop

P.S. And I'd ask the surgeon to sew my eyelids up while he was at it.

□ The name for the condition 'diarrhoea' comes from the Greek for 'freely flowing'. And the name 'constipation' comes from the Latin 'tightly packed together'. I wonder if any readers could tell me what these conditions would have been known as had 'diarrhoea' been taken from the Latin, and 'constipation' from the Greek?

Matt Lancy  
Southampton



□ I don't wish to tell Channel Tunnel engineers their job, but a sensible fire precaution would surely be to drill lots of small holes in the roof of the tunnel, and fill them with plastic plugs. Should a fire occur the plastic plugs would melt, and water from the sea would come in the holes creating an automatic 'sprinkler' effect.

R. I. Lung  
Dishforth Roundabout

□ In reply to Mark Roberts' letter (issue 80). If we don't use the term "versus" in English law, then what the fuck does the 'V' stand for in "Regina V (insert defendant's name here)" as seen on court lists up and down the country? Maybe it stands for Viceriferous southern wanker who likes dressing up as a soldier at weekends?

John Warburton  
Crumpsall, Manchester

## Big muck and flies

□ I am a little concerned about McDonalds Restaurant threatening to take that lady to court for calling her cafe 'McMunchies'. I am a gardener, and I regularly use a "muck fork" to move cow shit too and fro across my flower beds. Am I breaching their copyright?

Richard Hobbs  
Tresco, Isles of Scilly



\* The brand new Letterbooks book, featuring words of wisdom, wit, bollocks and shit, is available now in the shops priced £4.99. Hilarious highlights from Britain's piss poorest page, plus tons of Top Tips. We'll be sending a copy to all letter writers in this issue (cos it's a lot cheaper than sending them a tenner).

□ I recently visited a small village in Tonga where I sampled the local narcotic brew Kava, made from roots and tasting like grass clippings flavoured pond water. As you can see from the photo, the village was somewhat appropriately named.

Terry Collier  
NSW, Australia



□ I'm sick to fuck of newspaper buying bastards who skip the queue just because they've got the right money and they've got a train or bus to catch. Fuck off. If you want to buy a paper, get up earlier, and join the queue like everyone else.

G. McKendrick  
Glasgow

Letterbooks  
P.O. Box 1PT  
Newcastle upon Tyne  
NE99 1PT



□ The hypocrisy of Terry Wogan and his media cohorts, whose cushy job it is to run the BBC's 'Children In Need' appeal, is breathtaking. Over recent years they have consistently raised millions and millions of pounds playing on a our heart-strings, yet after all this time Pudsey the bear is still awaiting his vital eye operation.

Matthew W.  
Swansea

□ Until recently I spent my Sunday mornings shopping at the local Safeway store. But I have been so impressed by the new Church of England logo and advertising campaign that I now go to church on Sundays instead. Perhaps, like the major supermarkets, the church should introduce a 'loyalty card' scheme, whereby regular worshippers build up points as they pray or sing hymns. These points could then be converted into cash and knocked off the amount they have to pay in the collection plate.

H. Bee  
Hive, Essex



I was inspired by Jim Loughran's letter (issue 80) to formulate a General Theorem of 'the visibility of Manchester United supporters in any given week, in areas where large concentrations of them are known to exist (e.g. South London). I discovered that:

$$V = \left( H \frac{1}{R^2} \right) \pm 10\%$$

Where V = the number of the little shits seen in any week, H = the depth of hatred felt by opposing supporters in that week (on a scale of 0.5 to 1.0), and R = the result of their last match (opponents score minus Manchester United's score). So, if for example United lost five nil to Newcastle:

$$H = 1.0, R^2 = 25$$

Therefore in the week that following the visibility of Man. United supporters would be 96% lower than usual.

Andrew Warmington  
Clapham

\* Eh?

□ Hang on a minute. In a recent poll Liverpool - and not Manchester United - were found to have the largest proportion of fans living outside the club's home city. (This is probably because most scousers are never in Liverpool for long, as they're either travelling around selling clothes pegs and tarmac, or they're tucked away in various jails up and down the country.) So that pisses on your

Man. United theory, doesn't it.

Nick (Man. U. fan)  
Germany

P.S. I was born in Warrington, so fuck off before you say anything.

\* According to our atlas the nearest football league team to you in Warrington would in fact be Liverpool. Then Everton. The third closest is of course Bolton.

□ You accuse Manchester United supporters of travelling long distances to attend their home games. What you forget is that most loyal, die hard Manchester United fans like myself spend Saturday afternoons at home mowing their lawn, and watch their football via the satellite dish on Sunday afternoons.

P. N.  
Bournemouth

## Theatre of streams... of piss

□ I found a piss in the players tunnel at Old Trafford. Honest. Can any of your readers claim to have urinated in a more satisfying location?

Mr K. Smith  
Shaw, Oldham

□ Never mind the Manchester United bandwagon. What about my mate Hoss? He lives in Stoke, and all of a sudden he supports Watford.

Martin Russell  
London N9

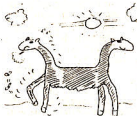
□ Here's an idea for the BBC. How about a new series of Doctor Who. "Doctor Who and the Zero Tolerance Committees". As you can see from this picture of our local group, these feminist monsters would soon have us all hiding behind our settees.

J.D.  
Manchester

## Alimentary mistake

□ Regarding Doctor Poo-little in the last issue (which, incidentally, was funnier than this one). Not all creatures are able to defecate as freely as the Doctor imagines. Take for instance the two-headed llama in his own film, which had a second neck where its arse should be. As you'll see from my enclosed illustration, shitting would be impossible.

Name not supplied  
Cannock, Staffs.



□ I once had to use the toilet in a posh hotel in Leeds. To my dismay the bloke in the next cubicle was grunting and releasing the most obnoxious chuffers. Imagine my surprise when the former Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy Terry Waite emerged, grinning like a wanking Jap. No wonder his captors let him go. He'd have stank their karkzee to Hell and back.

Mick 'Max' Orley  
Beston, Leeds

□ Not since issue 11 of Viz have I heard anything of that eighties snooker player and ladies man, Tony Knowles. Until a recent visit to Anchorage in Alaska, where I was delighted to find that a coastal path has been named in his honour. A fitting tribute to this memorable sportsman who, as I recall, never won anything.

Nigel W. Poore  
Twyford, Berks.



□ My son bet me a fiver that this letter won't be printed.

John Hemming  
(Ex Ivor Biggun's Red Nose Burglars)  
Southall

## Well, shake it up baby now

□ Hypocrites! You complain if McDonalds appear to nick your ideas, then you produce a strip called 'X-Flies', the same concept as the strip published in Twist & Shout comics over a year ago.

Rich Johnston  
Twist & Shout Comics  
Ealing, W5

□ Thieves! If I'm not much mistaken your idea for Christ's face appearing in a pool of sick was stolen from a Freak Brothers strip they did in 1992.

P. Condon  
London SE27

\* We never saw that one either. I thought they stopped doing Freak Brothers comics in the seventies. People stopped reading them then, anyway.

## Open question

□ If 'open all hours' convenience stores are indeed open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, why do they have locks on their doors?

Chad Berscheld  
The Internet

□ I notice you were giving away a 'Dream week' in sunny in California' in a recent issue. Well I've been stuck in the in this crime and crack head ridden piss-hole for 20 years. Any chance of giving away a return ticket back to the UK in the next issue?

Robin De Cralde  
Los Angeles



□ Regarding the mystery shooting of Ian Beale in Eastenders. How come he was shot on the Monday, but the ambulance didn't come until the Tuesday? Because the government is underfunding the health service, that's why.

Aidan Brodigan  
Stockport

□ No such thing as a free lunch? Cobblers. I had a very agreeable meal the other day in a cozy, country pub. It was only after leaving, via the toilet window, that it occurred to me I had completely forgotten to pay the bill.

P. Koffendrop  
Buckfast



## Lowest form of Wittgenstien

□ I write to complain about so-called 'pedants' who write with nit picking points about grammar, berets and sedimentary rock etc. The philosopher Karl Popper said that the only way to be certain of anything is to subject it to scientific testing. Therefore the only way to be 100% certain of anything is to subject it to infinite scientific tests. In practise therefore we can only deal with approximations, some more certain than others. By contrast Wittgenstien offered the idea of 'bedrock Propositions', those which seem self-evidently true, e.g. the Earth is round, the Catterick Royal Logistical Corps has green berets, Viz isn't as funny as it used to be, etc. These propositions have lasted longest because objections to them that are logically consistent have yet to be found. Even so, they may change in due course. (For example, at one time everyone 'knew' that the Earth was flat.) Such bedrock propositions are merely language games which permeate our Weltbilt, or 'world picture', forming an apparently solid structure within which we create our more challengeable, "fluid" propositions. (e.g. that Man. United are shit). The pedantry on these pages is one such language game, whereby readers spot inconsistencies and write in to Viz seeking to correct them, using dull-as-ditchwater, dry-as-a-biscuit terminology. Paradoxically, whilst complaining about this language game, I am indulging in the very same activity. Could there be a clearer illustration of Wittgenstien's admonition that we should not look for the meaning, but look for the use? I stand corrected, and must pass over the rest in silence.

Someone who doesn't get out much  
London SE27

\* Yeah. You're right there.

□ We hear so much about the upset caused by people receiving poison pen letters nowadays. Isn't it about time the Government banned the sale of all poison pens?

F. Tank  
Sideboard, Lanes.

□ Carly Simon is on record as saying she will not name the subject of her cutting seventies ballad 'You're So Vain' until after his death. Well, that rules Lesley Crowther out then.

D. Kennel  
Arbroath

## Dull-as-ditchwater

□ In issue 80 the late Reginald Bosanquet describes Liam Gallagher's central heating 'boiler' as having a 'boost switch' to provide hot water at other than preprogrammed times. As any plumber will tell you, on boilers such as Liam's hot water service is initiated by an internal pressure switch which automatically senses a drop in pressure when a tap is opened. This triggers the changeover valve to switch from central heating to hot water, allowing primary water from the heat exchanger to enter the secondary heat exchanger, i.e. the calorifier, and produce instantaneous hot water. Please Mr Bosanquet, get your facts right.

Steve Booth  
Birmingham Air  
Conditioning

□ It's puzzling to understand why these so-called 'unruly' and 'unteachable' children behave as they do when we see their well spoken, articulate, smartly dressed and concerned parents on the television. I struggle to understand how these parents could possibly be responsible for raising such gormless, disorderly, disrespectful, moronic, brain dead losers, who will amount to zero in life if they're lucky, and will contribute nothing of any use to society whatsoever as long as they live.

The Fulbright  
Blackheath State

## 2p or not 2p

□ Poor people shouldn't worry too much if they don't have two pennies to rub together. I tried it the other day, and frankly can't see what all the fuss is about.

S. Hope  
Long Eaton

## Love is...

□ How about a Viz lonely hearts column? All the other mags have one. I'll start by saying that if Sara Parker is reading this in Germany, I'd swim across a river full of piranhas with rotten meat stapled to my plums just to lick the vomit off her doorstep.

L. Copely-Williams  
Great Dunmow

□ We're a bunch of crimbo on remand awaiting sentence in Barlinnie prison. We get no visits, and have no female friends at all. Could any girls aged 18 or over help us through our misery by writing? We're desperate.

T.B., D.C. and C.W.  
HMP Barlinnie

□ Me too please.

D.P.,  
HMP Barlinnie

\* If you want folk to be nice to you, perhaps you shouldn't go around robbing old ladies etc. If you write again and solemnly promise that you won't do any more crimes in future, we'll print your full names and prison addresses in the next issue, and send you a copy of Mayfair.

□ Barlinnie? Sounds like a bloody holiday camp, mate. I'm stuck in a Nepal jail, 2 years into a 5 year stretch, and I get no mail apart from one mate who sends me Viz. I'm totally pissed off. How's about you get me some birds aged 18 to 25 to write to me here? I'm 26, a Chelsea supporter, and I've got an 8 inch. Honest. Not that its much use to me in here. I'd appreciate photos, but nothing saucy as it won't get past the bill.

Stuart Chalmers  
c/o British Embassy,  
Box 106, Lalchaur,  
Katmandu, Nepal.

\* Any drop dead gorgeous birds who have just turned 26, forget it.

□ I'm not a crimbo. And I haven't got a big cock. I just want a female pen friend.

Mark Wakefield  
Grimsby

\* Sounds like a pretty straightforward bloke. You can write to Mark at 17 Sinderson Road, Humberston, Grimsby, DN36 4TY. Write and let us know if you get married.

Continued...

It's getting cold. Should  
here in a bra in winter.  
Can't someone else do  
the back issue and  
next time?

"Shiny kettle, nice  
and hot, what back  
issues have we  
got?" (left)

"Lovely  
lady in a  
bra, the  
back  
issues  
remaining  
are..."

39 40 53 54 56 59  
60 61 62 63 64 65  
66 67 70 72 73 76  
77 78 80

Phooar!! Aladdin,  
played by our  
principle bra and  
pants-on-me girl,  
is a babe who'd give  
any fella wood! She's  
warming up the kettle to  
make a '46 Double D' cup  
of tea! I'll have two lumps  
please! Those big one's at  
the front! Phew!! With  
parts like that this young  
actress would give any  
Jack a beanstalk, and turn  
fellas heads... again... Dick  
Whittington... Or something  
like that. Oh yes she would!  
Anyway, if you want to buy  
any back issues circle the  
numbers above, then fill in  
the form and send it off  
together with your money.

Overseas orders please pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. And overseas customers please add 20% of whatever total you've arrived at so far. So, for example, if its a tenner you simply add 50p. No, wait a minute. That's not right...

Tick, delete, speak clearly after the tone etc.

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□ We are currently serving in Bosnia, and wondered if your readers would help us. Out here there is rule that anyone who receives more than ten letters in a day gets fined a slab of beer (24 cans). Our colleague Studly (pictured) moans about never getting any mail. So if all the ladies reading this would care to drop him a line, the vain bastard will be kept happy, and we'll get all his beer.

Gaz Mac & Co.  
Bosnia



\* You can write to L.Cpl. Studly Rees at 23 Sqn Rle, WKSP REME, Keyhole Camp, Sipovo, BFPO 538

## Sappy ending

□ I bought issue 61 in August 93 and answered a letter from a soldier in Belize. He put me in touch with a friend of his, 'Lips', and we are getting married on January 31st 1997.

C. Cassin  
Newbury, Berks.

\* Great news. Send us a bit of the cake.

## Big tits

□ My mate's sister has got the biggest tits I've ever seen.

James Shaw  
Barnsley

□ As a female stripper I'm sick and tired of all the childish chants you blokes come up with while I'm performing, like "Show us your minge". I'm a girly, but I was still able to come up with 100 alternative names for a fanny. The list is enclosed. So come on fellas. Next time you gawp at me, think of something original to say.

Miss JJ  
Wimbledon

P.S. Print this and I'll send you a nudey picture of myself.

\* Unfortunately there is only room to include one of Miss JJ's vaginal euphemisms here: 'Lab kebabs'. The full list of over 100 is available to those of you acquainted with 'Netting the Intersurf'. They can all be found on the Viz 'web sight' which in turn can be found on the 'Inter Net', part of this super Information Highway or 'I.T.'. Simply tune in your computer and 'click' your 'mouse' onto Swearly Mary's Swearing Dictionary. The address to click your mice to is: [www.viz.co.uk](http://www.viz.co.uk)

□ I'll tell you what those Spice Girls are really after. A right good shagging, that's what. Specially the ginger one who got them out in The Sun. What do other readers think?

Bob D.  
Greenock

□ On the subject of rude buses (issue 80), I spotted this vulgar example in Switzerland. And we think our bus drivers are discourteous?

Geoff Hawkins  
Brighton

□ I'm travelling east-bound on the M25 just approaching the South Mimms roundabout. I want the Cockfosters exit, but overhanging foliage is obscuring the signs. Can any of your readers tell me, is it the first, second or third exit? I'm in a blue H reg Nova. Give me a honk if you can be of any assistance.

Greg Bell  
M25, South Mimms roundabout

## Dead ringer

□ Never mind Jimmy Hill in the Fat Slags strip. I spotted serial killing mum of ten Rose West in Luvvic Darling (issue 80). I claim my prize.

P. C.  
London



\* Right. There's three famous faces hidden in this issue. A box of Vesta Chow Mein to the first reader who spots them all.



□ Following on from all that shit about berets in issue 80. Who cares whether you wear a blue, green or red beret? In the Coldstream Guards we wear khaki berets, our boss is the Queen, and we're all as hard as fuck. Beat that.

7 Company, Coldstream Guards  
London, Ireland, Germany or anywhere else they need blokes with tattoos.

□ Watching that plank Jimmy Nail's Crocodile Boots, or whatever its called, brought to mind a band I used to watch in the early seventies at Cheltenham Town Hall. They were Geordies, and they went by the name of "Fat Grapple". They sang a song called "Don't Mess With Moose", which was about the "Geordie Mafia" as I recall. Was "Moose" a real character? And what became of Fat Grapple? Can any of your readers help?

Pete Reynolds  
Gloucester

\* There's a crisp tenner for the first person who can tell us where Fat Grapple are, and a fiver for Fat Grapple if they tell us who Moose was.

□ Have any other readers noticed the remarkable resemblance between the recently returned Viz cartoon character Paul Whicker the tall vicar, and Aston Villa's footballing import Sasa Curcic? I wonder if they are perhaps both thin, with pointy tufts of hair and big noses?

Phil Rainey  
Kings Heath, Birmingham



□ Whatever happened to horny Carol Dekker out of T'Pau?

Steve Brunt  
Sittingbourne, Kent



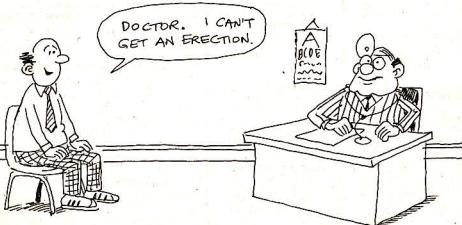
\* Come on, Carol Dekker out of T'Pau. Whatever happened to you? There's £10 for the first letter we receive from Carol Dekker out of T'Pau.

□ If by any chance Mr Ian Peggs, Senior Superintendent of Police, Traffic New Territories North, Royal Hong Kong Police Force happens to be reading this, the bus lane is meant for buses, not fat wankers on police motorbikes.

A member of the public  
Hong Kong

□ Mustard gas is no substitute for the real thing, especially in ham sandwiches.

A. K.  
Walsall



# CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL of CUNTS

Concluding our celebrity cunt hunt. Here's your final nominations, followed by your chance to vote for the winner.

## Smartie arsed wanker



☐ In 1985 ginger media wanker Chris Evans asked me to fetch him back a truck load of blue Smarties from his holidays in France. He didn't even thank me for my trouble, never mind pay me. Now that he's Britain's richest cunt, isn't it about time he coughed up?

Helen Hughes  
Manchester M2

☐ I said "Good gig" to Damon Albarn out of teenybop band Blur after a gig at the Manchester Academy in 1994 and he just sneered at me.

Tony  
Liverpool

## Abra-cunt-dabra

☐ I was walking along the sea front at Great Yarmouth in 1977 with my family when slap skulled TV magician Paul Daniels came flying out of a public toilet and knocked me flat on my arse. Rather than stopping to apologise he simply sprinted off down the promenade. Now that's what I call a cunt.

Paul Tyler  
Canvey Island

☐ While working as a Blue Coat at a holiday camp I invited comedian Frank Carson to take a second bow in front of the audience as his act had gone down so well. Afterwards he chastised me for having done so, because he was in a hurry to get away. Mardy miserable fat sweaty cunt.

Craig Giddens  
The Internet

☐ That Tommy Cannon opened a fair near us once, and even though he was getting paid he stood throughout the entire day with a face like a kicked in fridge door. The sour faced bastard.

Andy Reynolds  
Selby, North Yorks.

\* This is a cunts competition. Andy. Bastards - sour faced or otherwise - don't qualify.



☐ In the early seventies I was almost knocked out of my pram by Stephen Hancock, who played Ernest Bishop in Coronation Street, after he'd carelessly flung open his car door as my mother was pushing me down the street. Needless to say no apology was forthcoming. How I chuckled a few years later when he was shot dead after interrupting a robbery at Baldwin's factory. It served the callous cunt right.

Adam Chamberlain  
Stratford-upon-Avon  
(Where Shakespeare comes from)

## Pen Loan Ranger



☐ I asked Rangers and England heavyweight Paul Gascoigne for an autograph when his team were training at a local park. He didn't give me my pen back, and when I asked him for it as he boarded his coach he said "Bog off, I'm in a rush". Pie eating Georgie cunt.

Scott Carruthers  
Troon, Ayrshire



☐ In 1983 I was walking out of Victoria station when I spotted sixties chirpy cockney character Jo Brown, of guitar strumming and children's road safety fame. I gave him a friendly nod, and he acknowledged this with a smile and a nod of his own. All was well and good between us until July of last year when I was working in a motorway service station on the M42. One night who should walk in but my old mate Jo. He stayed for 15 minutes, during which time the miserable fucker pretended not to recognise me. I had the last laugh though, because his bird was definitely giving me the eye when she asked where the toilets were.

M. Barber  
Newcastle-under-Lyme

☐ A few years ago I was working as an Inter City buffet steward when the actor Bryan Murray, (alias Trevor Jordaiche in Brookside) boarded the train and ordered some champagne. When I brought the bottle to his seat he decided it wasn't cold enough and barked at me to return it to the fridge to chill for longer. When I returned with the bottle an hour later the pompous cunt said loudly "Forget it, its too late, I'm due in the studio in an hour".

A. McGardie  
Preston

\* Drinking British Rail champagne makes him a flashy, glibbie ponce, not a cunt. And by the sound of it you're one of those drunken, red faced Scottish buffet stewards who always demand the right change then close the bar and spend the last two hours of every journey counting up the money. Perhaps YOU are the cunt in this case.

Continued  
overleaf...

Hello there!

Hi, I'm just getting ready for my Christmas Party. Mum says I should wear something sensible, but I want to be a bit daring this year. What do YOU think? Why not scribble a note to me on the back of your cheque when you subscribe to Viz. I personally handle all the subscriptions. A year (6 issues) costs £9.00 (or £12.50 overseas). Two years (12 issues) is £18.00 (£24.00 overseas). Just fill in the form below and post it to me. Have you noticed my mistletoe yet? I drew it myself - just in case you happened to read this page. I'm glad you did. I'll be thinking of you at the party. Do write soon.

Happy Christmas  
xoxo Sally

\* We regret that Sally cannot enter into correspondence.

## FREE VIZ T SHIRT!

Every new subscriber will receive a FREE large or extra large Viz T shirt chosen at random from our heap of unsold T shirts. (Unfortunately Ravey Davy T shirts are not included.) Don't delay, subscribe today. You can order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections of the form. And if you'd like to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address) each extra copy costs £6 per year (£7 overseas).

Dear Sally's experienced mum  
Please send me a subscription starting issue..... to be sent to:

Name.....  
Address.....

Post code.....  
(If you do not know your address, ask your postman, if he's ever at work).

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name above, and your own details below. If the subscription is for yourself, just fill in your name and address above, and leave the next bit blank.

My name.....  
Address.....

Post code.....

Sally's mum was wondering how you will be paying. Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order for £..... crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Please debit my Access/ Visa/ Mastercard/Eurocard/American Express/Diners Club/ Connect Card/

Card No. ....

Expiry date ...../...../.....

Send this completed form (together with your cheque/PO if applicable) to Sally, Viz Subs, FREEPOST (SW6906), Bristol, BS12 0BR. And hey! The postage is on us, if posted in the UK.

Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01454) 202515. (We regret this facility is not available to people who own a caravan or wear grey slippers on shoes).

## Hi! I'm an old mutton

Hi, I'm (Sheila the sheep's) mum. I've been around a bit, and consequently I'm a lot harder to catch than Sheila. There's a FREE back issue for every Australian subscriber (2 if you subscribe for 2 years). 6 issues cost \$27, or 12 for \$54. Write to Sheila's mum, 9 Palm Avenue, Brbie Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Please make cheques payable to "Fortean Times".

☐ Please tick here if you would like a large amount of gold to be delivered to your house by naked, palpitating women, then force their lithe, pertly breasted young bodies upon you. (And you want us to flog your address to mail order companies left, right and centre.)

## A WORD FROM OUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hello again. The shop's looking much tidier now. We've had a refit, new carpets, and I decided to move the fridge nearer the door, and put the sweets and crisps in racks along the wall. The papers are on a low shelf now instead of cluttering the counter. I'm sure trade will pick up as a result. Oh, did you know we're taking in dry cleaning now? Good idea eh? Hang on, here comes a customer. "Milk? No, sorry. We've sold out." Tssch! Really. Expecting me to have milk at this time of day? Who's he kidding.

# I guess that's why they call him a cunt

□ I parked my van on a meter in Kensington one day and Elton John pulls up in his Bentley and tells me to move it so that he can park there. Cheeky shoe bonkers rug headed cunt.

M. Warren  
Crowthorne, Berks.

□ Last Christmas that pious, pie faced Simon fucking Mayo swanned into our local church with his badly behaved little brats ten minutes late for Midnight Mass. I reckon his late arrival was a carefully planned stunt to attract maximum attention for this ten bob media cunt.

Kades  
Burton Joyce, Notts.

□ My wife complimented Dina Carroll on her voice in a pub in Cambridge. "Oh per-leccase!" she replied in a phoney American accent, looking at my missus like she was a pile of shit. Well, if Dina's reading this, my missus isn't a pile of shit. You are.

John,  
Sheffield

\* This is a high class celebrity cunt competition John, not a cheap and nasty mud slinging contest.

□ In your last issue Simon Bradbury accused Ian Asbury (out of The Cult) of being a cunt, or something like that. Ian Asbury is not a cunt. He is a cool, hard bastard who was arrested in Canada for fighting with bouncers who were throwing out fans at a Cult gig. Your correspondent Mr Bradbury is clearly a shandy drinking southern sausage jockey, and that is no doubt why Ian Asbury refused to shake his hand.

S. Turner  
St Anns, Nottingham

\* Your hero Mr Asbury sets a fine example to fans of his pop group by fighting during a concert. If the security men were indeed beating up fans and throwing them out, it was no doubt for their own safety. Security men have a difficult enough job to do without drunken, drug crazed pop stars assaulting them during a performance.

□ Can I nominate a celebrity's relative as a cunt? Dennis Taylor's niece, Tracey, never gave me back a cassette I lent her two years ago and now I've lost touch with her. It's a shame she nicked my tape, cos she's 'fuck-me' gorgeous and a terrific barmaid too.

Tarquin Scott  
Preston

\* Tarquin is an architect, readers. And he reckons Dennis Taylor's niece is a cunt?



□ Moneybags former 60's pop star Adam Faith approached my wife as she was trying on an expensive dress at Liberty's in London.

"It suits you", he said with a smile. Fuck off Faith, you cunt! I have enough trouble trying to korb my wife's spending without you sticking your millionaire nose into matters.

M.R.  
Peckham

□ I went to help cunt Opportunity Knocks winner Berni Flint push start his Fiat 126 car during a rain storm in Great Yarmouth, but he suddenly sped off, soaking me with water from a huge puddle at the roadside.

R. Morris  
Ratlinghope, Shrops.

□ Safari park owning bribe allegation denying comedy goalkeeper Bruce Grobelaar is a cunt for calling my mate a cunt after he went up to him in a bar in Singapore and asked to shake his hand.

"Who was that cunt?" the Zimbabwean cunt asked the bloke he was with.

Largo Matt  
Broadway

## He is not a number. He is a cunt.

□ At the 1996 cult TV convention dedicated to 60's TV series The Prisoner, actor and guest speaker Alexis Kanner waved off an excited fan who'd requested his autograph by turning his back on him and saying "Try again tomorrow". The ginger haired cunt.

Tee  
Brondesbury Park  
London

\* The man is clearly a cunt, Tee. But you and your wanky square eyed chums are even bigger cunts for having paid to see him.

□ I bought my mum and dad tickets to go and see a Cliff Richard concert, and afterwards mum and I managed to sneak inside the stage door. We were alone in the corridor when suddenly the Peter Pan of Pop himself walked past. "I enjoyed the show very much Cliff", said my mum, an O.A.P.

"Hmm", said Sir Cliff as he walked past, without even turning his head. "I've been a fan of yours for a long time", added mum, hopefully.

"Hmm", Sir Cliff said again, before exiting out of a door.

He couldn't even be arsed to smile or turn his head. Looking back, I regret not having kicked his arsehole. Or should that be arseholes?

Jenni Thompson  
Farnham, Surrey

\* Be fair, Jenni. Cliff may have been tired after giving a performance. Doubtless he was distracted at the time. He may be a Christian, but we cannot expect him to behave like a saint all the time. Especially when there's no cameras around.

□ I hope I'm not too late to nominate Johnny Morris as a celebrity cunt. Not the lovable unfounded Nazi spy allegation Animal Magic voice dubbing TV zoo keeping Johnny Morris, but the poncey actor Johnny Morris out of Bread who's never on telly any more. He nearly ran myself and some friends over. As we were crossing a quiet road when suddenly he appeared round the corner driving far too fast in a sporty car. Rather than stopping to apologise, he sped off after giving us a two fingered salute.

A. Lambert  
Chichester



□ No, not that one. The other one.

A. Lambert  
Chichester

# Do ya think I'm cunty?



□ About six years ago I saw that tartan tart Rod "He's foot-ball crazy" Stewart and his blonde tart shopping at Safeways in Henley. I'm a big fan of his grating voice and ugly features, so I politely asked him to sign my till receipt.

"I don't sign scraps of paper" he said. Croaky cunt.

Mark Griffiths  
Nomura International  
London

# You see that cunt? That's YOU that is

□ I was working as a waitress in a hotel in Norwich (as opposed to a cocktail bar) when so-called comedian Rod Newman, who'd played a gig in town the night before, came down for breakfast. He was too late for a full English breakfast but I went out of my way to get him a bowl of scrambled egg. While I was preparing this the rotten bastard stole the mushrooms and bacon from my own breakfast plate which was keeping warm on a heated side-board in the dining room. This breakfast was the only perk I got from my shitty paid job, and something that kept me going from 5.30am when I started until late morning when lazy, thieving, long hairs like Newman crawl out of bed and muster themselves 'together man' with numerous pots of tea and coffee that frankly I wish I'd pissed in.

In fact, if he's reading this, I did piss in it. And the chef whacked off in your scrambled eggs too.

Miss S.E.Hall  
Jesmond, Newcastle

Cunts conclude on page 20...

# Famous Sports Commentators Wanking on their Girlfriend's Tits No.87 John Motson

WELL, YOU HAVE TO GO RIGHT BACK TO AUGUST 1982 TO FIND THE LAST TIME I ATTEMPTED TO MASTURBATE IN QUITE THIS POSITION!

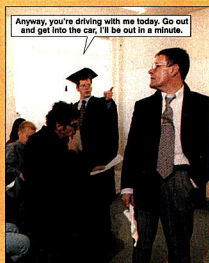
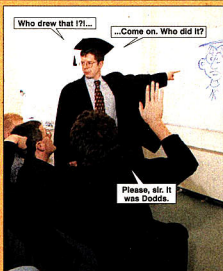
HEH HEH!  
THAT WAS  
OVER A PAIR OF  
36 DOUBLE 'D'  
BREASTS, AS  
I RECALL

I LASTED 3 MINUTES 18 SECONDS ON THAT OCCASION - A PERSONAL RECORD. BUT... HEH! WITH LESS THAN 2 MINUTES ON THE CLOCK HERE TODAY, I'M AFRAID THE VINEGAR STROKES ARE ALREADY UPON US...



# Road to nowhere....

The teachers at the Aardvark School of Motoring had all but given up on unruly pupil Norman Dodds. Now in his fourth year, his behaviour had grown steadily worse and it seemed that he simply didn't want to learn...

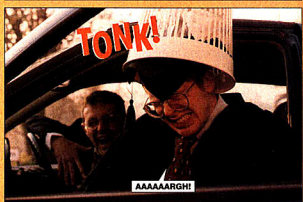


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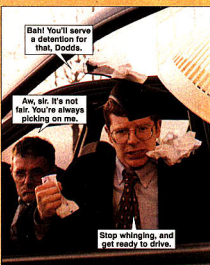
**AAARDVARK**  
SCHOOL OF MOTORING

Where are your driving gloves, Dodds? Have you forgotten them?

No...erm... the dog ate them, sir. Snigger!



AAAAAARGH!



Bah! You'll serve a detention for that, Dodds.

Aw, sir. It's not fair. You're always picking on me.

Stop whinging, and get ready to drive.



Shortly...

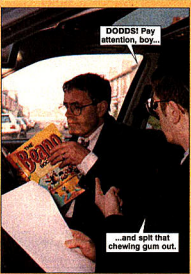
Slow down, lad. And straighten up.

Stop grinding the gears, you wouldn't do that at home, would you?



The lights are green, Dodds...

...Green lights, Dodds...



DODDS! Pay attention, boy...

...and spit that chewing gum out.



Eventually....

Well, Dodds. That was dreadful. You showed no courtesy to other road users and I don't think you used your mirrors once.

It's not my fault. We haven't done mirrors yet.

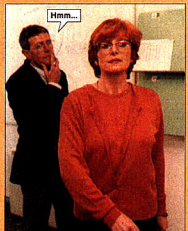
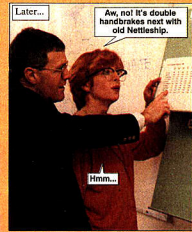
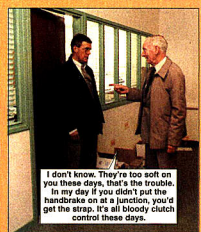
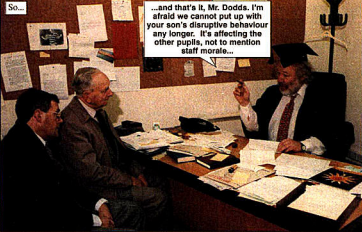
We have, but you were playing truant.



Dad! What are you doing he

**AAARDVARK**  
SCHOOL OF MOTORING

The head of the Motoring School sent for me, son. He wants to see us both.





Later...

Hiya. Can I carry your highway code home for you, Mrs. Collins?

Alright then. Thanks.

Where were you during double parking?

I was playing football with my mates down the rec.

Listen, do you fancy coming to the pictures tonight?

No thanks, Mr. Dodds. We've got to hand in our essay on emergency stops tomorrow, remember?

Oh, I'll just copy swotty Jackson's in the morning.

That's CHEATING!

So what? Essays are boring. What's the point?

The only person you're cheating is yourself. And your bad behaviour only spoils it for other people who want to learn. The sooner you're expelled the better for everyone.

It's easy for you to say that. You're clever at driving...

...and I'm thick. I'm thick at driving...

No you're not.

...yes I am. I've never told anyone this before but...

... I can't. I can't... read the road...

... I never learned, you see. That's why I feel the need to disrupt the class.

Well that's nothing to be ashamed of. You can learn. Come round to my house. We can study together. I'll teach you.

Do you mean it? Do you really really mean it?

Yes!

Over the next few weeks...

I see...so which ever way I'm going, I have to drive on the left?

Yes! Yes, you've got it!

Mirror...manoeuvre...signal!

No! No! try again.

Mirror...signal...manoeuvre!

Yes! We'll make a driver of you yet.

Erm, caution, low bridge... erm, men at work... contra flow... cycle path... erm, urban clearway... no stopping for vehicles 9 am. to 6 pm. weekends included.

Well done.

Eventually...

MRS. COLLINS,  
I PASSED! I PASSED!

Well done Mr. Dodds.  
I knew you had it in you.

Thank you!

AAARDVARK  
SALES & SERVICE

Don't thank me. I didn't do anything.  
You only had to have the confidence to  
believe in your own inner potentials.  
I just brought it out of you...

...and if that offer still stands,  
I'd love to come to the  
pictures with you tonight.

It does! I'll pick you up at  
8 o'clock... in *MY* car!

**TONK!**

AAAAARGH!

Get to the headmaster's  
office! Immediately!

AAARDVARK  
SALES & SERVICE

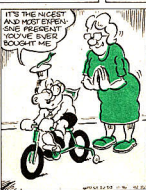
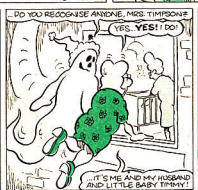
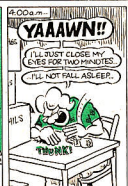
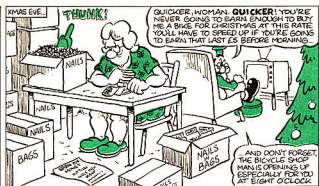
What did you do  
that for, sonny?

Driving's boring.  
What's the point?

Come with me, lad. I want  
to tell you a little story...

**The End**

# SPILT BASTARD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL





EH!?!...WASSAT...WASSAT!?!



OH, NO! IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK  
AND I HAVEN'T NEARLY  
FINISHED... WHAT AM I  
GOING TO DO...?

..OH, JESUS!..



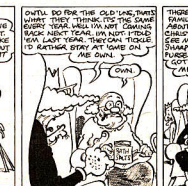
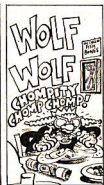
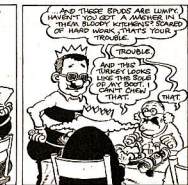
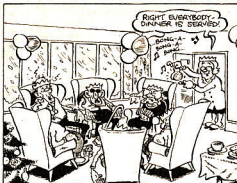
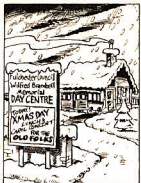
OH. JESUS CHRIST



**SOB! SOB! SOB!**



A very merry Christmas  
and a happy New Year  
to all our readers



## Hover Mower

□ When I was 19 I was working as a barmaid in a pub in London. One night a rather ancient looking Patrick Mower was hovering about and asked me out for dinner. He was so desperate he even wrote me a poem. I agreed to meet him after work, then didn't turn up. The squashy nosed, stood up old cunt.

Michelle Smith  
Ashbourne, Derbyshire

P.S. I've still got the poem.

□ Many years ago I met Jimi Hendrix Experience bassist Noel Redding in a pub in London. He was a real gent, and bought me several beers. Unfortunately, due to his crushed velvet 'loons' and floral 'kipper' tie, he looked an absolute cunt.

Mr Bocker Gibbs  
Burton-on-Trent

□ I wish to nominate myself as a celebrity cunt. Some time ago I asked this boot ugly barmaid in London called Michelle out for dinner, just to win a bet. But I bottled out and never showed up either. Just as well. She was a real hound, I can tell you.

Patrik Mower  
London

## British Telecunt

□ I saw BT funny man and part-time drunkard Rory McGrath in the Grafton Centre in Cambridge and he didn't do or say anything funny. 'Phoney cunt.

C. E. Maddison  
Cambridge

## Weller, weller, weller, ugh! Tell me more, tell me more...

□ Bollocks to Angela Hannah (issue 80) sticking up for Paul Weller. He definitely IS a cunt. He got up on stage at an Ocean Colour Scene gig recently, and stared at my girlfriend's tits. Then he smiled and winked at her.

Laurence Rickard  
Trentham, Stoke-on-Trent



□ I wish to nominate purple mooched Mr Misery and Man. United manager Alex Ferguson as the Celebrity Cunt of 1996. I heard that Newcastle General Hospital had been promised the auto-graphed match ball from the recent Newcastle versus Man. United game. It was to be auctioned to raise funds for a local cancer appeal. However, after their five-nil "blipping" his squad marched straight onto the team coach like a bunch of truculent school girls - needless to say without signing the ball.

John McKenna  
Blaydon

\* We don't believe that for a minute, John. From what we've heard, Alex Ferguson works hard for charity, and is a very warm, generous, human being. And so is his solicitor.



□ Rodney Bewes is a cunt. He trod on my son's lollipop outside Boots in Lorpik in 1990.

Julia Reed (nee Kneale)  
York

□ My dad served tearful Jokers Wild drink/drive remorse outburst comedian Ted Ray in Ryman's of London in 1955, and apparently he was both 'mean' and 'obnoxious'. That's a 'cunt' to you and me.

E. Browne  
Dagenham

□ I think the bloke out of The Fugees who keeps saying "one time" is a cunt. That's all.

D. Hart  
Newark

We want YOU to choose the winning cunt by voting for your first, second and third choice using the form below. You can vote for anyone nominated in this issue, or from previous issues (see following list). If you're a bit of a sad cunt yourself you can vote by E mail, at the following address:

web@johnbrown.co.uk

Don't post your form to that address. It's just for computers. The winning Celebrity Cunt will be named in the next issue, and will be presented with a certificate, and a cheque for £15.

## CUNT RECAP...

DJ Terry Wogan (acted the cunt), comic Ken Dodd (left, small tip), actor Lewis Collins (pouted in pub), actress Emma Wray (no particular reason), guitarist Gary Moore (arrogant cunt), Carry On actor Kenneth Williams (treated taller like shit), Three Degrees Sheila Ferguson (acted the cunt while eating steak and chips), slapstick comic Michael Crawford (got bloke sacked), actor Peter Bowles (flicked ass on blokes trainers), floozy Paula Yates (left litter), TV host Derek Griffiths (put big fence up), comic Bobby Davro (nicked some blokes Queen LP), Councillor Guy Senior (mouths off about hippies), wrestler Giant Haystacks (looked miserable), Pop star Elton John (took a huff), pop group Status Quo (wouldn't let support band in dressing room), racing driver Nigel Mansell (wore fancy overalls in airport lounge), pop singer Cheryl Baker (got strop-py), fat breasted bloke Willie Rushton (ignored small child), actress Gail Tisley (refused unwanted autograph), singer Lulu (swore at fan), Lloyds name and roofing felt salesman Henry Cooper (swore at fan), multi faceted celebrity Lionel Blair (nicked bloke's wife's taxi), actor John Thaw (swore at fan), fat actor Robbie Coltrane

(took up fanzines), short arse jockey Willie Carson (run over bloke's foot), short arse comic Ronnie Corbett (bust bloke's chucked out of golf club), bird fan Billie Oddie (swore at fan and attempted to kick their arse), fashion guru Jeff Banks (was rude to student), lanky ginger top Mick Hucknall (frowned at bird's hairy armpits), stumpy comic Charlie Drake (left small tip), actor David Jason (burped deliberately), pop star Andie MacLuskey (sarcastic and did silly dance), TV host Noel Edmonds (had elephant shot), TV host Keith Chegwin (was abrupt with fan), TV host John Leslie (shagged Catherine Zeta-Jones, the jammy cunt), Ian Asbury out of The Cunt (declined to shake fan's hand), actor director writer singer songwriter producer sound man lighting engineer make up artist and Welsh nationalist Jimmy Nail (got out of bed), TV guru Janet Street Porter (refused autograph), pop star David Bowie (nicked twenty Marlborough), footballer John Radford (swore at fan), pop star Bob Geldof (had sheep in garden), good old fashioned entertainer Danny La Rue (swore at postman), Gladiator Carlton Headly (doesn't ring mates any more), actor Mike Reid (gave traffic cops the wanker sign), guitarist Pete Townsend (swore at fan), hand puppet Basil Brush (ignored young hekkler during pantomime), singer Peter Skellern (turned nose up at sandwich), comic Jim Davidson (threatened garage cashier), TV host Chris Searle (swore at garage cashier), Pete Willis out of Def Leppard (got shitty with garage cashier), TV host Richard Madeley (bought classical CDs and definitely didn't steal anything), football manager Brian Clough (swore at fan), punk Joe Strummer (swore at fan), actor Richard O'Sullivan (bowed up in golf club), rugby star Dean Richards (was bully at school), actress Kathy Tate (threatened to have fans chucked out of club), actress Kate Beckinsale (asked bloke for car back) You may also choose from the current nominations in this issue.

## Celebrity Cunt Voting Form

Well, by the sound of it the following celebrities are proper cunts, and no mistake.

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Cut out this form (or copy it) and send it to:  
Viz Celebrity Anthony Blunt Competition,  
P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle on Tyne, NE99 1PT



□ Nicola Purdom of Gateshead's reference to Basil Brush as a cunt (issue 80) is totally unjust. I, along with four other children, was invited on stage at the same pantomime at the Sunderland Empire when I was six. Basil asked me what I wanted for Christmas and gave me a box of Quality Street and a helium balloon. Basil is a Paladin among foxes, and anyone who says differently is talking out their arse.

Gary Woodward  
Sunderland

□ What the fuck is a Paladin?  
Nicola Purdom  
Heaton (I've moved)



□ After appearing with him on a crap TV show I offered Bruno Brooks a fag, and he took the whole cuntting packet.

S.B.  
London SE26

□ I nominate rum swinging, bullshit talking Buster Merryfield (Uncle Albert out of Only Fools and Horses) as a celebrity cunt. He used to live across the road from where I worked, and he never once raised so much as an eyelid to acknowledge me when I said hello. To top it off, he used to be a bank manager for Nat West. I reckon that's an open and shut cunt case.

P. Heiross  
Blythe



**FILL UP** with brussel sprouts at lunchtime on Christmas Day, then go carol singing in the afternoon. Try and contain your obnoxious farts until the pause immediately after "five gold rings" for maximum comic effect.

**Run Rig  
Loch Lomond**

**POUR** a handful of tiny ball bearings into your socks each morning to make them easier to remove come the evening.

**Paul Atkin  
Ipswich**

**AT £300** a Psion personal organiser makes the ideal Christmas gift for someone who wants to know whether its batteries are running out yet.

**P.A.  
Suffolk**

**ELIMINATE** irritating shadows next time you go outside by shining a powerful torch at them.

**P.A.  
Ipswich**

**LARD ARSES.** Enjoy a healthier fried breakfast by sprinkling washing powder with fat digesters onto it instead of salt.

**N. Ope  
Kew**

**PET shop owners.** When planning your shop layout, position slow moving animals like tortoises near the exits to give them a better chance of escape in the event of a fire.

**S.R.  
Grimsby**

**PLASTIC UHT** cream and milk cartons from service stations make ideal 'Quaker hats' for Action Men.

**M.F. Phillips  
Burton-upon-Trent**

**RICE** pudding eaters. Take a tip from pond owners. Place a ping pong ball on top of your pudding. When a skin forms, simply remove the ball leaving a neat hole through which to eat the pudding.

**J.T.  
Imblingham**

**FATTIES.** Put a banana in each side of your mouth then look in a mirror. Elephant features.

**A. Bottlebank (green only)  
Asda Carpark**

**JACK** Charlton. Give your brother Bobby a Shredded Wheat for Christmas. Cut in half and glued to his baldy scalp it will resemble an attractive head of hair with a neat centre parting.

**Martin Emmerson  
Hartlepool**



**AVOID** paying over the odds for hardback books. Simply buy the paperback version, immerse it in water, then pop it into the freezer for 3 hours.

**A.S.  
Edinburgh**

**MILLIONAIRE** motor mouthed ginger tops with faces like a yak's arse. Ridicule the fat and ugly on TV to distract viewers from your own aesthetic shortcomings.

**Richard Luck  
Selly Oak, Birmingham**

# TOP TIPs

**Weigh in your words of wisdom.** We pay £10 CASH plus a unique, 'Top Tips' pen. ('Unique' in that we only had 1,000 made.) Write to Top Tips, Viz., P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

**AIR HOSTESSES.** Make pulling your trolley easier by asking aisle passengers to dip their elbows in a saucer of lubricating oil before take off.

**John Kean  
Docklands**

**FARMERS.** Treat your sheep to a Marks and Spencers party dip this year. Cucumber and yoghurt, blue cheese, or perhaps even oriental herbs and spices flavour. They'll make a lovely change from sheep dip, and have the advantage of containing no organo phosphates.

**U. D.  
Marsworth, Bucks.**

**TAKE** your own cheese slice to McDonalds. Pop it into a hamburger and hey presto! A cheeseburger. This money saving tip was brought to you by Tim Wilkes.

**T. Wilkes  
Groundhurst, Kent**

**WRITE** down the price of everything you buy so that in years to come you can annoy your grandchildren with greater accuracy.

**M. Traintu  
Georgia**

**BREAST** feeding mothers. Pop a fresh tea bag into each bra cup. They'll absorb any excess milk, avoiding embarrassing stains. Later you can drop them into a cup of boiling water to make sweet, ready milked tea.

**Urinal Dockrat  
Marsworth, Bucks.**

**A HEDGEHOG** trained to scuttle up and down the table from guest to guest makes an unusual mobile cheese and pineapple cube nibble dispenser at cocktail parties.

**L. Traintu  
Clarksessville**



**EVADE** hose pipe bans by painting your garden hose pink and threading it up your trouser leg and out of your flies.

**S. D. T.  
Hexham**

**GARDENERS.** As the winter draws in, remove the fingers from old woollen gloves to make handy frost covers for your carrots.

**J. Tait  
Thropton**

**CAN'T** afford a colour telly? Simply smear your black and white telly screen with Grecian 2000. Hey presto! Your picture will gradually turn to colour. Possibly.

**Martin Harwood  
Marketing Director  
Grecian 2000 (UK) Ltd,  
Bradford**

**CARRY** on looking for lost items for a few moments after you have found them. That way they will not "always be in the last place you look".

**Luke Tucker  
Hayes, Middlesex**

**COAT** exterior doors with strawberry jam. It has an attractive textured, glossy effect, but its principal advantage over traditional wood finishes is that it traps flies, which can then be swatted at your convenience.

**R. R.  
Nottingham**

**COVERT** trainers to temporary football boots by melting the base of Rolos and gently sticking them to the sole.

**Eric Twilley  
Reading**

**FOR** an extra long Christmas kiss swap your girlfriend's Lipsyl for a Prittstick.

**Mr Bond  
Eyrepsueme**

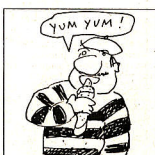
**ORANGE** peel makes an ideal substitute for dried apricot, and tastes pretty much the same.

**J.T.  
Northumberland**

**BORED** housewives. Make your hubby look like James Bond by looking at him through an old toilet roll tube.

**John Tait  
Thropton**

## JEAN PIERRE and his pet croissant



# SHAVEN CAPERS WITH BARBARA CARTLAND

STINGING ROMANTIC ADJELIST DAME BARBARA CARTLAND WAS RELAXING AT HOME

BING BONG

MERCY ME! THAT'S THE DOORBELL

AND HERE'S ME DRESSED ONLY IN MY NIGHTIE

MORNING, MISS - I'VE COME TO REPAIR YOUR TV SET

TOOLS

MY! ONE ON IN - I'LL FIX US BOTH A DRINK

JUST THEN

HELP! HELP!

GODDESS - WHAT ON EARTH'S GOING ON?

HELP! THE BARBER SHOP GANG ARE TRYING TO STEAL MY MOUSTACHE!

SILENCE, WHILST WE APPLY SHAVING FOAM TO YOUR UPPER LIP!

THE BARBER SHOP GANG! THOSE CROOKS HAVE BEEN TERRORISING THE CITY FOR MONTHS BY STEALING THE MOUSTACHES OF INNOCENT CITIZENS AND SELLING THEM ON THE INTERNATIONAL FACIAL HAIR MARKET

I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM

PAUSING ONLY TO GET DRESSED, BARBARA CARTLAND RUSHED OUT INTO THE STREET

TAKE YOUR RAZORS OFF THAT MAN'S TACHE, YOU FENIHS!

GRAN! RUN FOR IT, LADS BEFORE SHE CALLS THE COPS

SHORTLY, AT THE HOSPITAL

YOUR COURAGEOUS ACTION SAVED THREE QUARTERS OF THIS GENTLEMAN'S MOUSTACHE, DAME BARBARA

I JUST DID WHAT ANY DECENT PERSON WOULD'VE DONE, DOCTOR

SAY! WHO'S THAT ARISTOCRATIC COUPLE OVER THERE, DOCTOR?

THAT'S LORD AND LADY TRIMPTON...

THEY'RE HERE TO OPEN THE NEW SIDEBURNS UNIT IN OUR HOSPITAL

HER LADYSHIP SEEMS RATHER ANXIOUS

OH DEAR, I WISH THE POLICE WOULD CAPTURE THAT AWFUL BARBER SHOP GANG

THERE'S NO TELLING WHO WILL NEXT FALL VICTIM TO THEIR REIGN OF MOUSTACHE-DEPILATING TERROR

DON'T WORRY MY DEAR, I'M SURE WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE HERE IN THE HOSPITAL

NOW LET US PROCEED WITH THE CEREMONY

BUT I HEREBY DECLARE THIS SIDEBURNS UNIT OF-UMPH!

SQUIRT!

SHRIEK! IT'S THE BARBER SHOP GANG

WITH A FLICK OF THE RAZOR, ONE MEMBER OF THE EVIL GANG DEFTLY WHIPPED OFF LORD TRIMPTON'S TACHE

HA! HA! LORD TRIMPTON'S MAGNIFICENT HANDLEBARS WILL BE WORTH A FORTUNE IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN LIP-LINISHER TRADE

AND NOW - FAREWELL!

WAIL! THEY'VE TAKEN MY HUSBAND'S MOUSTACHE

SOMEBODY PLEASE DO SOMETHING OR HE WILL SURELY DIE!

BHA! ONE OF THE GANG HAS DROPPED A BOTTLE OF AFTER SHAVE

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA

BARBARA CARTLAND HURLED THE BOTTLE AT THE FLEEING VILLAINS WITH ALL HER MIGHT

CRACK!

TIME TO 'SPASH IT ALL OVER' YOU BRUTES!

GOOFAN!

THE BARBER SHOP GANG HAVE GOT AWAY - BUT THEY DROPPED LORD TRIMPTON'S MOUSTACHE

I THANK GODDESS! WE SHOULD STILL BE ABLE TO SEW IT BACK ONTO HIS LORDSHIP'S FACE

THE TRANSPLANT OPERATION WAS SOON COMPLETED

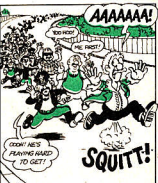
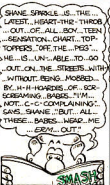
NICE WORK DAME BARBARA

THANKS TO YOUR QUICK-THINKING MY HUSBAND IS RELIANT WITH HIS MOUSTACHE ONCE MORE

AS A REWARD, PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SHAVE MY GUM, AND THEN LOOK AT IT?

NO THANKS, LADY TRIMPTON - I THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF SHAVING TO LAST ME A LIFETIME!

HA HA HA HA!





"We will hang them on the branches"

# Its 'D' for Decoration Day with "MILA-TREE" CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS



# the late Winston Churchill's STRATEGY OPERATIONS PLANNER



**D**ECORATING your Christmas tree is a nightmare that nobody looks forward to. A badly planned and executed campaign can have disastrous results. Your best decorations can end up crowded at the top of the tree, leaving the lower branches bare and dangerously exposed. Hours can be wasted wrapping fairy lights around the tree only to find insufficient flex remains to reach the socket. And in the absence of a tactical overview, precious decorations can be squandered on areas which are out of sight and therefore of no strategic importance.

This year you can decorate your tree with military precision thanks to Winston Churchill's "Mila-tree" Strategy Christmas Decorations Operations Planner. Why expose yourself to risk clambering about on chairs precariously trying to drape tinsel across your tree, when you could be calmly coordinating a successful campaign of decoration from the safety of this decoration nerve centre. The Milatree Planner enables you to oversee the planning and execution of your tree decorations while your family or friends do the dirty work at the Christmas tree front. And a unique system of field communications means you can keep your tree plans a secret from prying neighbours.



*"If my husband were alive today I'm sure he would use the 'Mila-tree' Strategy Christmas Decorations Operations Planner"*  
Mrs Winston Churchill

## INSTRUCTIONS

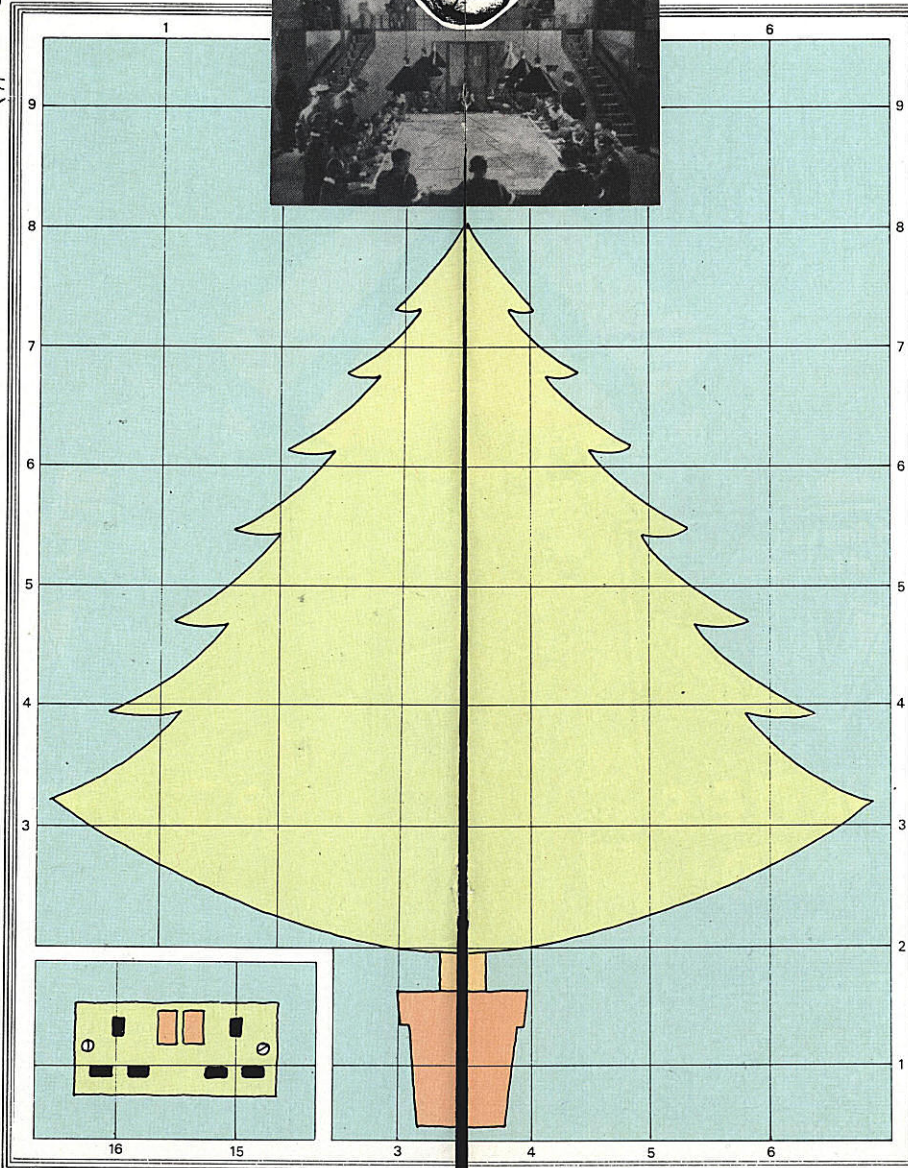
Set up an Operations Headquarters in your shed, attic or basement, a safe distance from your Christmas tree. Cut out the Christmas Tree Chart and place it in the centre of a large table.

## MARKERS

Use confectionery as markers to indicate the strategic positions of your decorations on the tree. Baubles can be represented by Smarties or Fruit Pastilles, and fairy lights by Fruit Polos threaded on a length of string. For tinsel you can use wet spaghetti. Stick a triangle of Toblerone chocolate onto the end of a straw (see Fig. 1). Use this to push your markers around the Christmas tree chart, plotting changes in the positions of decorations. The chart is divided into a grid. Relay decoration positions to your operatives at the tree front using a system of grid co-ordinates.

## COMMUNICATIONS

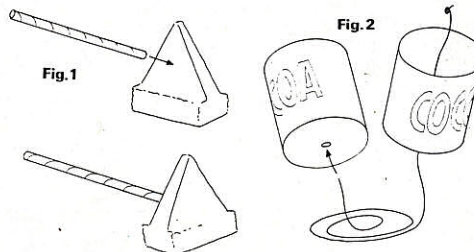
These instructions to the tree front can be sent safely using a simple field telephone system consisting of two empty Cocoa tins joined by a long length of string. (See fig. 2)



## TREEFARE TIPS

Here are a few tips to help you lead a victorious offensive against your tree.

1. Establish your fairy light positions first. They form a solid bridgehead, and moving them about later once hanging novelties are in position could lead to bauble casualties.
2. When hanging fairy lights a white 'tracer' bulb at the top of the tree will light up lower branches when decorating at night.
3. Never reveal more than one decoration co-ordinate at a time to your operators. The less information they have, the less they can reveal should they inadvertently speak to your neighbours.
4. Your operators should store decorations in a safe place away from the tree. They should carry breakable decorations (e.g. glass baubles) to the tree one at a time, in case they fall and drop them.
5. Decorate your tree at an unusual time of the day. The element of surprise will help to confuse and disorientate your neighbour. If he became aware of your plans he could copy your decoration positions and scupper your entire campaign.



## MORSE CODE

Relay messages on your field telephone using this simple code of long and short "Beeps" in case your neighbour is listening in.

**A** - Bip beeeeee **B** - Beeeeee bip bip bip **C** - Beeeeee bip beeeeee bip **D** - Beeeeee bip bip **E** - Bip **F** - Bip bip beeeeee bip **G** - Beeeeee beeeeee bip **H** - Bip bip bip bip, **I** - Bip bip **J** - Bip beeeeee beeeeee etc.



# LUVVIE DARTLING

LUVVIE IS "RESTING" BETWEEN JOBS.



ANY DEAR "FELLOW" DON'T WORRY! AS I BELIEVE SERIOUS MONEY-WHENEY SAID, "THE TELEVISION IS BE AWARDING ON AND NOT FOR WATCHING."

QUICKLY - THROW SOME MORE FUEL DOWN ON THE FIRE MY DEAR ITS GOING OUT!



OH, YES

IT'S A PITY YOU DON'T GET THAT PART YOU WERE AFTER, LAST WEEK



A PITY INDEED, DO NEAR BY AT THE AUDITION, THE DIRECTOR NARROWED IT DOWN TO AN ANTIFACE CALLED YOU KNOW

CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE CHOSE HIM, LUVVIE YOU HAVE STAGGER, YOU HAVE NO OBSCURE, YOU HAVE PRESENCE.



YES, BUT LUVVIE HAD TWO OLIVE PUNCTURES IN HIS EARS, AND I THINK THAT SWINGS IT FOR HIM IN THE END

HMM ON - THIS ONE ISN'T A BILL - IT'S A LETTER ADDRESSED TO YOU



OH! LET ME SEE

GASP! IT'S FROM GRANADA PRODUCTIONS - "DEAR MR. DARTLING, WOULD YOU PLEASE REPLY TO THE DISCUSSION ABOUT SHOOTING IN MANCHESTER, ON DECEMBER 10TH, AT 1PM, TO PLAY 2AM MAN FRYING ONE OF BETTIE HOT-PIES IN THE KITCHEN."



OH MY GOD! LET ME SIT DOWN. THIS IS NOT THE BIG ONE! THEY DON'T WANT SOME ANT BUCKER, ITS THE STREET! MA ON THE STREET!



WHY AM I THEY HAVE BEEN GIVEN ANY ONE MAN SHOW ABOUT CEDAR WILDE



BUT SURELY - THERE WERE FOUR CHARACTERS IN THAT

OR PERHAPS IT WAS MY KING LEAR AT THE PRINCE OF WALES, GLADSTONE. YES - THAT'S IT! THAT WOULD HAVE SEEN ME PUT A KING



LET REALISED I WAS A BLAME CANVAS UPON WHICH COULD BE PAINTED A PAPERICAL LAST I HAVE BEEN RECOGNISED AS THE "BEST" OF THE SCENES "THESTERS THAT I AM"



GOD BLESS THESE MEN OF VISION! GOD BLESS THESE LITTLE MINDS ON FLOWERS SHADOWS, WHO SEE THE "PLAYERS" WHICH OTHERS WERE BLIND TO. IMAGINE THE SCENE - IT'S THE GRANADA TELEVISION BROADCAST, THE PRODUCERS PLANNING TONES DEMANDING ART SERVICES, MY NAME RINGING THROUGH THE GARDENS OF POWELL...



COOPERATION STREET CARRYING OFFICE



IT MAY BE A SMALL, NON-SPEAKING PART, BUT FROM LITTLE AGENTS DO VALENT SCANDALIS GROW. BETTIE'S REPLY WILL BE AN OVERSOUND TO STARDOM... I CAN SEE IT NOW



I WILL STEAL THE SCENE. THE PUBLIC WILL DEMAND MORE! I'LL BE OFFERED A PERMANENT ROLE I'LL MARRY A PRINCIPAL CHARACTER... AND BECOME FATHER OF THE STREET!



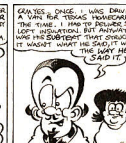
EXISTENTIAL! THEY'LL TRY TO WRITE ME OUT. LASTARDIST! OH THEY CAN TRY, BUT THE PUBLIC - MY PUBLIC - WILL HAVE NONE OF IT! I'LL ROCK... I'LL BE BRAGGART BACK TRILLIANT!



IT'S OPEN SURGEONMASTERS AND GARDEN PETES. I'LL NOT FORGET THE LITTLE WHIN! AH, YES! FINE! THAT FELLOW "MISTRESS" WAS BEEN A LONG TIME BECOMING ME - AND NOW I AM READY TO ANSWER THAT CALL



YOU KNOW - HA! - I REMEMBER TALKING TO DONALD DEAR DEAR TRIVIE WOVIE. NINETEENTH BUNNYKINNY-WINNY. YEARS AGO - WHEN I WAS AT RADA, LUVVIE, HE SAID, "HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE TOP"



GRAYES, ONCE. I WAS DRIVING A VAN FOR TEXAS HOMEWARES AT THE TIME. I HAD TO BELIEVE SOME LOFT INSULATION, BUT IN ANYWAY, IT WAS HIS SUBTLETY THAT STOKED ME, IT WASN'T WHAT HE SAID, IT WAS THE WAY HE SAID IT



NEXT MORNING... I MUST GO NOW - FOR FAME WARS ARE I LEAVE THESE MALNOURISHED PORTALS AS PLAIN LUVVIE DARTLING...



TO RETURN WITHIN AS WHOM KNOWS WHAT!

SIX WEEKS LATER...



I'LL JUST REWIND THE TAPE AND REPESE THE SCENE SO WE CAN WATCH IT AGAIN

THREE! LOOK! I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S MY HAND HOLDING THAT STEEN



IT JUST REWIND QUAYE TO WRITERS EAR

OH LUVVIE, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!



OHES - WELL - IT WAS A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE - A SPIRITUAL PROFOUNDING IF YOU WILL, THE CAST WERE SO GENEROUS - THEY VOLUNTEERED ME INTO THEIR DRESS...



WELL, THEY WOULD HAVE DONE, HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO SPEAK TO THEM

DO YOU KNOW, THEY THOUGHT SO HIGHLY OF US EXTREMELY THAT WE WERE GIVEN OUR OWN DUTYMENT! TWO MEN FROM THE STUDIO SO WE WOULDN'T BE DISTURBED!



GOSH!

OH LOOK, LUVVIE - MRS. A LETTER FROM GRANADA!



AH, YES! I THOUGHT SO THEY'RE GIVEN IN TO DISCREED FROM THE PUBLIC, DEMANDING MY RETINAL

THEY'VE WRITTEN ME A RULE! I WONDER HOW MANY "FACTS" AN CHARACTER WILL BE - AH - THE VERY CHALLENGE OF IT ALL



NO ITS FROM GRANADA RENTALS, WERE TWO MONTHS IN AHEADS, AND THEREFORE TRILL BACK AGAIN

SO... YES, I DO ONE ENGAGE OF THE STREET, BUT IT WAS TOO CLAMOROUS. FELT I WAS BEING THROAT - SOMETHING "TIGER" HOLD IN THAT COLLAGE. I WANTED TO EXPLORE OTHER AGENTS OF ANY CENSURE - DEVELOP MORE COMPLEX CHARACTERS



CUE LUVVIE! SORRY, MUST GO!

Reds Stockton

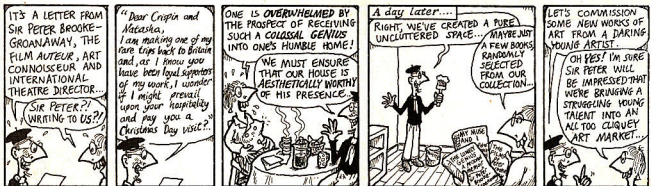
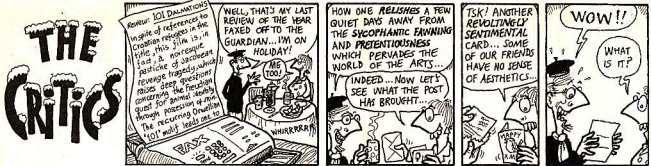


OHCEST! BLOODY! BLOODY!... GOSH! PROMPTS

Reds Stockton



OHCEST! BLOODY! BLOODY!... GOSH! PROMPTS





# TOP OF THE BOTS!

## Sexy secrets of sizzling TV stunner Sam's arse

**IT'S no coincidence that sexy Samantha Janus's name rhymes with anus. For that's exactly what the sizzling telly stunner has got.**

At the bottom of her back Sam boasts two buttocks. And those, together with the hole in between, are her arse. And its an arse which is rapidly becoming Sam's prized asset. For as well as turning the fella's heads, Sam's raunchy rear doubles as a cute cushion for her to sit on.

### PILLOW

"My arse is soft - just like a pillow. So when I sit on it, my bones don't hurt", the stunning TV sexpot told us yesterday. But fellas hoping to inspect Sam's sumptuous behind at close quarters should beware. For it has a third, slightly less saucy, function. After Sam has ate something, shit comes out of it.

### SMALL

Sam's arse-rare took off after she was chosen to represent Britain in the Eurovision Song Contest. Sadly she didn't *winnit*, but it wasn't long after that her shapely turd hopper began to catch the eye and TV roles quickly followed.

### CARELESS

Wherever Sam goes her bum - which is pink and made out of skin - is never far behind. Even when she's filming her hit TV comedy series 'Pie In The Sky'. But the last thing the TV temptress wants is a pie in her pants. So she regularly visits the toilet to empty her bowel. And to avoid being nominated for the Eurovision Pong Contest, stunner Sam makes sure her shute is well wiped before she leaves the ladies.

### RECKLESS

"Fellas can't get enough of my ring", sexpot Sam revealed after her arse was voted Britain's Best Butt by readers of Swelling Bollocks maga-

zine. Indeed, her panty peach is so popular she permanently keeps it under wraps. Trousers, knickers and skirts make up an impressive arsenal of protective clothing, keeping the star's bot hot in winter, and well away from prying eyes.

### PLASTIC

Sam's Italian boyfriend, former stripper Mauro Manero, is probably her arse's number one fan. "But even he gives my jacksie a wide birth when

I've got one in the bomb bay", says the bubbly beauty who once appeared in a TV ad for fish fingers.

### JILTED

Having a plum bum means that sexy Sam is spoilt for choice when it comes to farting. For the petite songstress can fart out of either of two holes - her arse or her chuff.

*Nice arse, eh fellas?  
Stunning Sam's  
raunchy rear view.*

## Bot's it all about?

**LIKE as many of the stars, Sam shrouds her arse in secrecy. But we decided to get to the bottom of it by revealing ten things you never knew about her beautiful blowhole.**

**1.** Sam's arse muscle - the sphincter - works the opposite way round to a tube of toothpaste. Unlike most muscles which contract only when in use, Sam's sphincter permanently pulls - or contracts - in order to keep her bum shut. When she feels the turtle's head, Sam moves her bowel by deliberately relaxing the muscle whilst sitting on the toilet.

**2.** Sam's bum helps keep her trousers up by being wider than her waist, which is directly above it.

**4.** Just like teeth, arses can fall out too. A 'full rectal prolapse' is what doctors would call it if Sam's arse literally fell out!

**5.** Piles are Sam's arse's worst enemy. They is what its called when blood vessels up the bum get big and fat and start to look like David Pleat's haircut.

Nowadays doctors can remove them in seconds using red hot metal scissors.

**9.** Sam's bumcheeks - the two sides of her arse - go up and down alternately when she is walking. This undulation takes place in a vertical plane, and is symmetrically inverted along the axis of her bum crack. Scientists call this aesthetically appealing phenomm-mmmmmmmmmom... a "widdle".

**10.** Sam's arse is one of nature's miniature perfume factories. Natural odours are emitted from Sam's bot, despite her best efforts to prevent them. Many of these smells are so slight that the human nose cannot detect them. But if Sam were to walk around a council estate with no pants on, on a very hot day, packs of dogs would probably chase her, and frantically sniff her arse.



## Your views on SAM'S ANUS

**WE took to the streets to ask some of Britain's fellas what they thought about Samantha's sizzling bumhole.**

BRICKLAYER Kevin Cresswell speculated that Sam's bottom would be much easier to wipe than his own. He, 34, said "I've got a great big fat arse, and it can be a nightmare cleaning up after a few beers and a curry. I'd imagine Sam's is much easier to look after than my own".

QUANTITY SURVEYOR Ian Hall, 42, admits he is puzzled by the workings of Sam's sphincter. The dad of two, from Malton, North Yorks, said "If Sam has to constantly contract her sphincter muscle in order to keep her stools at bay, as it says elsewhere on this page, then how come she doesn't shit herself every time she goes to sleep?"

ZOOLOGIST Trevor Gregory, 18, who works at a zoo in Salford, Manchester, said that if Sam was a monkey, and was modelling for page three of a monkey tabloid, she would have to bare her bottom, not her breasts.

"Men monkeys don't go much on tits. They prefer ogling the lady monkeys' backsides. So did humans, when we were monkeys, many years ago. Nowadays we've stood up, and turned into people. We like tits most of all. But monkeys still prefer arses."

*No doubt there's a few cheeky monkeys out there reading this who wouldn't mind getting their hands on Sam's arse! Or perhaps sticking a banana up it.*



# Wahay! It's the Bigg One!

**SID the Sexist is celebrating the launch of his very own book. And four lucky readers will be joining him for a memorable neet out on the hoy.**

The Joy of Sexism is a boozy bonanza brimful of political incorrectness, the ideal gift for the man who likes his supper on the table when he gets home of a night time. Its crammed with brand new cartoons, photo stories and features; why not sit back, put your feet up, and read it while the missus looks after the kids and fetches you a can of beer. She can go out and buy you a copy from all good book and record shops, priced a mere £6.99. So it won't make a big dent in her house keeping.

## TOOTY

We're giving away 50 copies, plus a special prize for one lucky winner - a tooty ogling night out for four in Newcastle's Bigg Market. We'll pay your train fare, buy your booze, put you up in the posh Bessie Surtees hotel for two nights, and even throw in a free curry at the award winning Rupali Restaurant in Newcastle's Bigg Market booze and birds theme park. It'll be a weekend to remember, although you probably won't.

So come on lads (and lassies). Show us how chauvinistic you can be by answering these 25 birds, booze and bonking questions:

1. Who recorded the politically incorrect pop ditty 'I (believe) A Woman's Place Is In The Home'?

(a) Patrick Cargill



(b) Richard O'Sullivan  
(c) Gilbert O'Sullivan

2. Which pop star's glamorous marriage to a leggy Brazilian beauty ended when he fell between two buses, sexuality wise, and decided to be a puff again?

- (a) Freddie Mercury  
(b) Elton John  
(c) David Bowie

3. Flash bang wallop! Stars love cars. But the following fellas have all had their expensive motors wrecked. Two got friends to do it for them. Which one managed to crash all by himself, on his way home from the car showroom?

- (a) Tiffy twat Jay Kay out of Jamiraqui  
(b) Quiet nowadays Luke out of Bros  
(c) Footballer Neil 'Disposable Razor' Ruddock

4. Page three stunner Jo Anne Guest, 34-24-34, hails from Chesterfield. Which of the following has she NOT appeared in a pop video with?

- (a) Jarvis Cocker  
(b) Blur  
(c) Mr Blobby



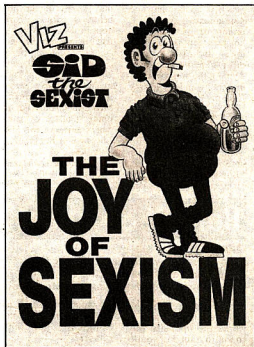
5. Which footballer did 24 year old Jo, who's a Pisces, once go out with?

- (a) Ian Dowie  
(b) Peter Beardsley  
(c) Phil Babb

6. What, according to the Sunday Sport, is Jo's favourite sex position?

- (a) Doggies  
(b) Sixty-nine  
(c) Ninety-nine, with hundreds and thousands on it

## Win a night out on the Toon with Sid the Sexist



## plus fifty copies of Sid's new book

7. Fellow page three stunner Eve Vorley drives a bright blue Golf GTI. But what in her life does Eve love most of all?

- (a) Her boyfriend  
(b) Her cats  
(c) Her boyfriend, her cats and the countryside

8. What does fellow page three stunner Lisa Bangert, who drives a red Golf GTI, hate most of all?

- (a) Grumpy people  
(b) Road rage  
(c) Grumpy people and road rage

9. Which pop star did gorgeous page three stunner Curry Kathy Lloyd once go out with?

- (a) Edwin Collins out of Orange Juice

(b) Jason Orange out of Take That  
(c) Max Jaffa out of Scarborough Winter Gardens

10. Which of the following page three stunners has got the biggest tits?

- (a) Suzanne Mizzi  
(b) Lisa Bangert  
(c) Maria Whittaker

11. Between them George Best and Peter Stringfellow have shagged over 10,000 page three girls. But American porn star John Holmes holds the world record for shagging women. How many birds did he shag?

- (a) 45,000  
(b) 450,000  
(c) 4,500,000



12. Which succinct phrase did both George Best and Oliver Reid use on their celebrated live, boozy, shambolic TV appearances on Wogan and After Dark respectively?

- (a) "Fuck me, I'm pissed"  
(b) "I like screwing"  
(c) "Big tits"

13. Who was the big titted bird who famously ran topless across the pitch during an England versus Australia rugby game in 1982?

- (a) Erika Roe  
(b) Fleesty Morgan  
(c) Victoria Wood

14. Self confessed wanka-holic Jonathon Ross named his daughter after an obscure large breasted seventies movie star? What was her name?



- (a) Pandora Peaks  
(b) Fattie Jacques  
(c) Kitten Natividad

15. Which celebrity bent nose said that for him, wanking has always been a bit of an art form?

- (a) Geordie boozier turned ponce Jimmy Nail  
(b) Former Man United captain Steve Bruce  
(c) No sex no bottle comic Stephen Fry

# PRIZE BONANZA!!!

16. Which celebrity big ears told Q magazine that he likes a wank every day at 11am?

- (a) Prince Charles  
(b) Martin Clunes  
(c) Jimmy Nail

17. Which red hot bird did Michael Caine have uncensored live one-to-one telephone sex with in the movie Get Carter?

- (a) Raquel Welch  
(b) Britt Ekland



(c) Thora Hird

18. Which actress performed a sizzling girl-on-girl lesbian love scene in the sixties film 'The Killing of Sister George'?

- (a) Susan George and Judy Geeson  
(b) Glenda Jackson and Vanessa Redgrave  
(c) Julie Christie and Beryl Reid

19. Which former member of the Warmington-on-Sea home guard shagged a police woman in the film Confessions Of A Pop Performer?

- (a) Private Pike  
(b) Sponge



(c) Mr Godfrey

20. In which film was Captain Mainwaring present when a chocolate sandwich\* took place?

- (a) Adventures of a Plumber's Mate  
(b) Oh Lucky Man  
(c) Car Wash

21. In which film did man mountain Marlon Brando get a bird to stick her finger up his jacksie, and also did something rude with a pound of butter?

- (a) Last Tango In Paris  
(b) Paris Texas  
(c) Clockwork Orange

22. Which pop group were arrested for pissing on a garage forecourt, but when the police arrived at their house they found a naked bird with a Marathon bar up her arse. Or something like that.

- (a) Blur  
(b) Take That  
(c) The Rolling Stones

23. Which news reader made the news himself when he romped with tied up lesbians live on TV while Sue Lawley watched?

- (a) Richard Baker  
(b) Nicholas Witchell  
(c) Trevor McDonald

24. What have the following blokes all got in common? Damon Albarn out of Blur, lardy buck-tooth David Mellor and former Likely Lad Rodney Bewes?



(a) They all go rowing as a hobby and have triplets

(b) They all support Chelsea

(c) They're all going out with some nobby architect's daughter and sing in comical 'mockney' accents

25. Which unfortunate Blue Peter presenter, whilst admiring the famous door handles from Durham Cathedral, uttered the immortal and unintentional double entendre "What a lovely pair... of knockers".

- (a) Crap Scotch footballer John Leslie  
(c) Dopey Derbyshire bumptin Simon Groome  
(b) Booze happy danger man John Noakes

26. It's every stars' dream to run their own boozie. But many become boozie losers when their boozies go bust. Only one of the following celebrity landlords is still serving. Which one?

- (a) Big chopped bandy legged seventies soccer star Malcolm MacDonald  
(b) Pig's head wielding punk Mensi out of the Angelic Upstarts  
(c) Dopey looking sod Benny out of Crossroads

27. Which gallon a day MP has received hospital treatment after drinking too much?

- (a) Tory Sir Nicholas Scott  
(b) Labour's Dennis Healey  
(c) Loony lefty Tony Benn

28. What boozy connection do wingnut headed 'Men Behaving Badly' star Martin Clunes, jingoistic light entertainment bigot Jim Davidson and hurricane balls up TV weather man Chameleon Fish all have in common?

- (a) They have all had real ales named after them  
(b) They are all heirs to the Guinness brewery fortune  
(c) They have all drunk driven

29. Which of the following fat Geordie comedians has NOT been in the papers recently for beating up his wife?

- (a) £130 a bottle wine quaffing soccer superstar Paul Gascoigne  
(b) Roy 'How dare you swear in front of my wife' Chubby Brown  
(c) Jimmy Nail

30. Finally, which adulterous star shat on his missus by having a fling with Chris de Burgh's nanny?

- (a) Paul Ross  
(b) Eamon Holmes  
(c) Chris de Burgh

Answers on a postcard to the usual address, to arrive by the 12th of January. The first correct entry out of the hat can look forward to painting the Toon broom - quite possibly with diarrhoea the morning after. The next 50 highest scorers will each be sent a copy of the Sid book.

\* For a definition of the term chocolate sandwich consult Swearsy Mary's Swearing Dictionary on the Viz web site:  
**www.viz.co.uk**



# Besta luck!

(You'll need it if you win one of these)



MEAL-IN-A-BOX merchants VESTA have just launched a stomach curdling new range of fossil fresh foreign cuisine. A kind of 'Cardboardbox Noodles', you just add water, and stand well back.

These delicious, nutritional, bottom watering meals are ideal for anyone who isn't too fussy about what they eat. They come with the Vesta 'Good Food Guarantee', and can be cooked in a conventional oven or microwave. There's Beef Curry, Chicken Curry, Chow Mein, Beef Risotto, Chicken Tikka, Chicken Supreme, Vegetable Curry, Mexican Chilli and Paella all to choose from. Single portion packs are priced around 95p, or if you can find a friend whose prepared to share one, a generous serving pack costs around £1.55.

Test your knowledge of foreign food and associated interesting information by answering these flavour-some questions. There's a Vesta meal (water not included) for the first 10 correct entries out of our hat.

1. Sensible Italians avoid standing too close to the precarious leaning tower of Pisa. And they'd probably keep a similar distance from Vesta's Beef Risotto. The tower weighs 14,453 tonnes. That's the equivalent of how many generous serving packs of Vesta Beef Risotto?

- (a) 200,243 (b) 2,577,803 (c) 83,543,352

2. The famous Mexican ruins of Chichen Itza date back to 432 AD. If appearances are anything to go by the ingredients of Vesta's Mexican Chilli could be equally ancient. This delicious meal takes just 15 minutes to cook. Working non-stop, how many meals could you have cooked, stirring occasionally, in the years since Chichen Itza was built?

- (a) 54,802,560 (b) 282,771,096 (c) 2,437

3. Shiva is one of the three ancient Hindu Gods. It is said that he bravely swallowed poison from the serpent Vasuki in order to save the world. Whether he'd have been prepared to swallow a Vesta Vegetable Curry is another question. But supposing he picked a packet up in the supermarket with each of his hands - to examine the ingredients - how many packs would he be holding?

- (a) Two (b) Four (c) Six

4. Chicken Supreme is as French as the Eiffel Tower. And the Vesta variety is about as edible. Which famous Frenchman designed the Eiffel tower?

- (a) Charles Aznavour (b) Eric Cantona  
(c) Alexandre Gustave Eiffel

Send your answers on a post card to the address below. Then cross your fingers and hope you don't win. Otherwise a tasty Vesta meal will be popping through your letter box before you have time to get out the back door.

## HOW TO ENTER

Answers on a post card (or opened out fag packet to: Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Remember to include your own name and address. Sorry. It looks like there isn't no room for last issue's winners, so we'll print them next time.



# Are you a PIMP or a SCIENTIST?

## THE LINE THAT CANNOT LIE

*Hustler or Egghead? Huggy Bear or Einstein? Which best describes YOU? Are you fluent in Technobabble or Jive ass? Do your bitches turn tricks on the street or do they smoke cigarettes chained up in a laboratory? Do you spend your day at the controls of a cyclotron or a Cadillac? Only by answering the questions with HONESTY will you discover the TRUTH.*



Do you swank down the street like one of the Wooden Tops, acknowledging petty criminals in your wake?

Yes  
No  
Do you bumble down the street dropping sheets of paper, mumbling and forgetting who you are?

Yes  
No  
Have you ever been funded by a Government grant?

Yes  
No  
Have you ever been funded by Hugh Grant?

Yes  
No  
Have you ever looked down a gun-barrel as someone tried to muscle in on your action?

Yes  
No  
Have you ever looked down a microscope to study the action of a muscle?

Yes  
No  
Is your car 40 feet long, pink and furry inside?

Yes  
No  
What it is, bro! You're a pimp my man! You're the most badass arsed motherfucker in the hood. With your cool dude attitude, a car as big as a tennis court and more bitches than Crufts, you strut down the street like a peacock, cutting the meanest silhouette on the Lower East Side. But watch your back. You think you're in charge but some of your ladies may be holding out on you.

Do you wear big chrome sun-glasses with holes in the arms, even at night?

Yes  
No  
Do you wear small wire rimmed glasses on top of your head and spend most of the day looking for them?

Yes  
No  
Does your brain weigh more than 4 pounds?

Yes  
No  
Does your jewellery weigh more than you do?

Yes  
No  
Have you ever been shot by David Soul dressed as a motorcycle cop?

Yes  
No  
Do you prefer 'wacky wacky' funk guitar to Bavarian oompah music?

Yes  
No  
Congratulations! You are a true scientist. You think nothing of locking yourself in a laboratory for weeks on end in your relentless search for knowledge. You are absent minded, loveable and probably bald on top. However, you have a darker side to your nature, a side that wants to meddle in things you don't understand. Tampering with the very fabric of life itself could be your downfall, so beware.

Have you ever pushed a woman up against a wall and taken a roll of dollar bills out of her bra?

Yes  
No  
Is the brim of your hat more than four foot across?

Yes  
No  
Could you assemble Kipp's apparatus for the production of hydrogen sulphide?

Yes  
No  
Have you ever removed the top of a monkey's head with a scalpel?

Yes  
No  
Have you ever been hit on the back of the head with a pool cue?

Yes  
No  
Did you ever shag Marilyn Monroe?

Yes  
No  
Do you employ upwards of twenty women?

Do you employ upwards of twenty women?

Yes  
No  
Do any of them wear lab coats?

Yes  
No  
Do you spend some of your time weighing out powders in a laboratory?

Yes  
No  
Do you spend some of your time weighing out powders in a lavatory?

Yes  
No  
Do you ever put your arms into the sleeves of your coat?

Yes  
No  
Do you think the city is bone dry and that something big is going down?

Yes  
No  
Do you have several biros and a spatula in your pocket?

Do you have several biros and a spatula in your pocket?

Yes  
No  
Do you have several high ranking police officers in your pocket?

Yes  
No  
Have you ever split the atom?

Yes  
No  
Have you ever split the scene when the going got too hot?

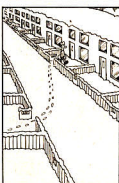
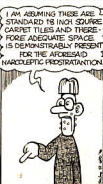
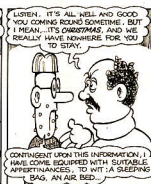
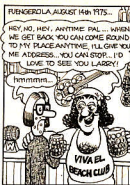
Yes  
No  
Do you think that the speed of light is absolute and indeed the only universal constant?

Yes  
No  
Do you think the city is bone dry and that something big is going down?

Yes  
No  
Do you think the city is bone dry and that something big is going down?

# MR. LOGIC

## HE'S A PAIN IN THE ARSE



# TYPHOON OF THE TRENCHES



Gifted centre forward Tommy Typhoon had given up his dream of playing professional football for Accrington Academicals when he answered the call to serve King and Country in the great war of 1914

Tommy's regiment, The King's Own Cannon Fodders had been pinned down by the Germans in a muddy trench in France for three years. Blinded by shellshock, Tommy fought on regardless.

Damn this bloody First World War

Yes. They said it would all be over by Christmas



When I get home, I'm going to buy a farm etc.

For everyone, the highlight of the war was the annual England - Germany soccer match that took place each Christmas Eve. For 90 minutes every year, sworn enemies would bury their differences and battle it out on the football pitch.

Am I on the team sheet?

I'm sorry, Tommy. Not this time

TEAM SHEET

Damn these blasted eyes!



Rotten luck Tommy. Stan Collywobble's an automatic choice at number nine. Maybe next year, eh?



There won't be a next year. The war finishes next November. This will be the last match.

Captain Stan Collywobble was unpopular amongst his colleagues, for in all his three years in the trenches, he had never once gone over the top.

Right everyone. We're going over the top. On your marks... get set...

Are you coming, Collywobble?



I'll pass on this one, chaps. The old knee's giving me a bit of ip. Best rest it for the game tomorrow.



Here we go!

Wahoy!

Crikey! I took that one on the cigarette case

In the German trench, team manager Bertie Beckenbauer watched with interest...

Ha! Just as I sought. Zeir cowardly star strikers hiding in ze trenches.



Jai Uet hev ve got ein surprise for him, eh boss?

At that moment, the unmistakable shape of Baron von Klingshoffen in his Fucker Staat Tri-plane swept out of the sun, guns blazing.



Collywobble was caught like a rat in a trap as the crackshot Kraut emptied his payload into the trench below.

Ha! Zis is like shoatink ein rat in ein trap!

Aieeeegh!!



The troops returned from over the top to find their star striker a smouldering, bullet ridden corpse.

Oh, no! Looks like Collywobble has bought that farm, sir

Yes. And I'm without a centre forward for the big game tomorrow!



I'll take his place sir!

I admire your spunk, Typhoon. But with no eyes, you'll get little change out of the German back four.

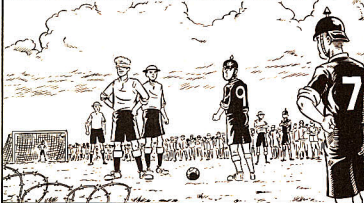


don't care, sir. My boots are my eyes. I can see with my feet. Eyes or no eyes... I can do it!



Just give me a chance, that's all. And I'll prove that I can still do the business for England.

And so it was that on Christmas Eve, 1917, Tommy Typhoon was given his big chance. A siren heralded the beginning of the festive cease fire, and shortly afterwards the teams took to the field.



But the game began badly for Tommy...

Your ball Tommy. In front of you!



Damn. I knew the boy Typhoon would struggle.



Don't worry, boss. It's early doors.



Conditions were not conducive to open, attractive football and both teams struggled to string fluid attacking moves together.



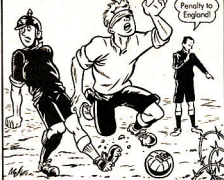
It was a day for the long ball, with both teams playing the percentage game.



But with mud up to three feet deep in places, attempts on goal were few and far between.



After a disappointing ninety minutes the game remained goal-less, when suddenly...



England were one spot kick away from the greatest football victory in the history of World War One. It would take a brave man indeed to step forward and take this, the most important penalty kick in history.



In the absence of volunteers, Tommy bravely stepped forward to take the kick himself...



...but as he ran towards the spot, the luckless Tommy stood on a land mine.



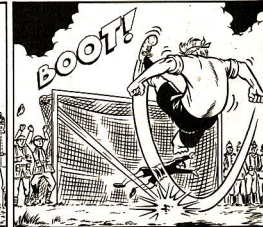
When the dust settled...



No. Tommy had started to take the penalty, so only he can finish it.



All eyes were on Tommy as once again he prepared to take the kick.



Hooray! Hooray for Tommy!



Of the winning England eleven, only Tommy Typhoon survived to tell the tale. For under strict military law his ten team mates who had shirked the responsibility of taking the vital spot kick were quite rightly - court martialled for cowardice in the face of the enemy. They were shot on Basing Day 1917, and buried in an unmarked grave.



Blind, and with only one leg, Tommy Typhoon was sent home to spend the rest of the war in the care of his family. Sadly he was arrested at Dover by military police and shot as a deserter due to an administrative hiccup.

To this day his grave, in the shadow of Accrington Accademicals football ground, is a shrine for fans of football and World War One alike.



# HOBBY HORSE

DUE TO A CLERICAL ERROR AT THE SPERM BANK, YOUNG NOBBY DOBBS HAD BEEN BORN WITH THE HEAD OF A HORSE.

IT'S THE SCHOOL DISCO TONIGHT, READERS, AND I'M DO LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. IT'LL BE GREAT FUN!

BUT SORRY NOBBY, BUT I CAN'T ALLOW YOU INTO THE DISCO WITH THAT FRANKISH HORSE'S FACE OF YOURS. YOU WOULD SIMPLY SPARK THE OTHER KIDS' ENJOYMENT.

IF I LIERE YOU SON, I'D JOZ REIGN MYSELF TO A LIFE OF UTTER SOLITUDE AND NEVER EVER HAVING ANY FRIENDS.

CRIMMIN'! A LIFE WITHOUT EVER HAVING ANY FRIENDS!

I KNOW...

STAMP-COLLECTING SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD LUGH - I'LL GIVE IT A TRY. >AHM? HERE GOES.

SUCCESS! WHAT A MAGNIFICENT START TO MY COLLECTION.

SNATCH!

HOW ON EARTH AM I GOING TO SPEND ALL THOSE ENDLESS DAYS ON MY OWN, WITH NOONE TO TALK TO?

I'LL FIND MYSELF IN **HOBBY** INSTEAD.

POST OFFICE SERVICES  
ONE FIRST CLASS STAMP PLEASE  
THAT'S TWENTY SIX PEE

HELLO, I'M A FELLOW STAMP COLLECTOR, ISN'T THAT A 146 TWENTY-SIXPENNY ORANGE?  
YES!

RIP SHRED TEAR

THERE, BY DESTROYING YOUR STAMP, I'VE INCREASED THE RIPPITY VALUE OF MY OWN COLLECTION.

PERHAPS GARDENING WILL BE A MORE REWARDING HOBBY? WHO KNOWS? I COULD BECOME THE NEXT ALAN TITCHMARSH.

ONE WEEK LATER  
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE MINATURE JAPANESE BONSAI TREE WHAT I'VE GROWN?  
IT WAS NEIGH PROBLEM FOR SOMEONE WITH MY HORSE-SENSE.

EXCUSE ME, I'M FROM THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT.  
WE'VE JUST DECIDED TO BUILD A ROAD OVER THE TOP OF YOUR TREE.

WHOMP!

THERE, THAT SHOULD EASE A BIT OF TRAFFIC CONGESTION.

I'VE DECIDED TO BE AN AUTOGRAPH HUNTER INSTEAD.

AHH, THERE'S MRS TIMMS FROM THE CORNER SHOP.  
SHE'S A LEADING LIGHT IN THE LOCAL AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

YES NOBBY, WHAT CAN I GET YOU?  
I'D LIKE A SIGNED GLOSSY PHOTO OF YOU PLEASE, MRS TIMMS.  
I'M GOING TO PINK IT UP ON MY BEDROOM WALL, THEN I'M GOING TO HUNT YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU.

TCH. TYPICAL. IT'S ONE OF THE SAME. LIKE THEM INTO STARS - AND HOW DO THEY REPAY US?  
WITH A CLIP ROUND THE EAR, THAT'S HOW!

LATER  
I'M GOING TO TEACH MYSELF HOW TO MAKE BALLOON ANIMALS. PFFFF.  
THIS SHOULD STRETCH MY CREATIVE CAPACITIES TO THEIR LIMITS.

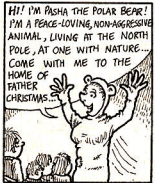
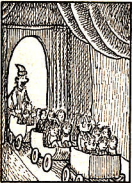
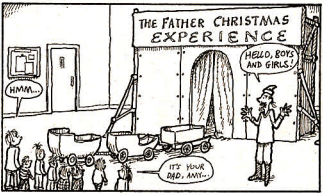
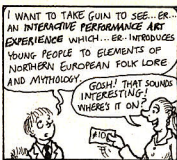
WHOOPS!  
POP!  
MY BALLOONS BURST.

CRASH

THE NOISE MADE BY YOUR BALLOON POPPING HAS CAUSED MY PASSENGER JET TO FALL TO PIECES, AND PLUMMET TO THE GROUND.  
WELL YOU CAN BLIMMING WELL JUST STICK THAT AERORANE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

AT LAST I'VE FOUND THE PERFECT HOBBY, READERS. THIS REAL-LIFE GIANT SIZE "AERIX MODEL KIT" WILL KEEP ME OCCUPIED FOR AEE!  
NOW, WHICH WAY UP DO THE WINGS GO AGAIN, MR PILOT?

# The MODERN PARENTS





I'M BANGING BECAUSE OF ALL THE MONEY I'M MAKING OUT OF WESTERN CAPITALISM'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF GREED, CASHMAS!



BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WORLD'S POOR?

I'M A WHITE MIDDLE CLASS MALE PATRIARCH FIGURE... WHAT DO I CARE FOR THE POOR? HO HO HO!



BUT HARK! WHAT IS THAT MUSIC I HEAR?

WE ARE POOR REFUGEES, COME TO SING OUR CAROL CAROLS TO SOFTEN YOUR CRUEL HEART.



SILENT NIGHT, SILENT NIGHT, WHAT HAPPENED TO HUMAN RIGHTS?

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING, SANTA'S GREEDY CASH TULL RING, PEACE ON EARTH WON'T BE ACHIEVED, BECAUSE OF CONSUMERISTIC GREED.



AWAY IN A MANGER, NO CRIB FOR A BED, NO HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS, WE'LL ALL SOON BE DEAD.



ENOUGH! I WILL BOMB YOUR REFUGEE CAMP WITH THE EVIL WEAPONS OF THE ARMS TRADE! BOOM! BANG!



AARGH!! HELP!

...AND I WILL MASSACRE ALL THE ENDANGERED REINDEER AND POLAR BEARS FOR THEIR FUR!



AAARGH! AARGH!

HER CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE REMEMBER... FATHER CHRISTMAS MEANS GREED, BLOOD AND DEATH!



WHAAAAH!

WELL, THAT WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL. WELL, YOU'VE SUCCESSFULLY RUINED CHRISTMAS FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN CHILDREN, YES... I HOPE YOU'RE PROUD OF YOURSELVES.



WE'RE JUST REVERSING THE BRAINWASHING PROCESS WHICH YOUR PEOPLE ARE SUBJECTED TO THESE DAYS...

WE'VE GIVEN YOU THE REAL FATHER CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE, FACING THE HARSH REALITIES OF LIFE FOR MILLIONS OF PEOPLE THIS WINTER...



I THINK WE SHOULD SPEND CHRISTMAS DAY FASTING AND WATCHING SOME SUITABLE DOCUMENTARIES WHICH I'VE VIDEOED...



Next day...

COME AND HAVE A LOOK IN THE GARDEN AND SEE WHAT GUIN AND I HAVE BUILT.



OH HOW IMAGINATIVE!. THEY'VE BEEN INSPIRED BY OUR PIECE YESTERDAY...



I AM AN OPPRESSED ELF, REPRESENTING POOR PEOPLE EVERYWHERE... YOU MUST LEAVE YOUR MONEY IN THE STARVING CHILD'S BEGGING-BOWL BEFORE YOU PEER INTO THE MAGIC CHEST.



HOW ROIGNANT!

YOU ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE THE PAIN AND SUFFERING OF VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE...

HOW MOVING! I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING YET...



SORTED! I JUST NEED TO NAIL THE LID DOWN... KEEP THAT MONEY HANDY GUIN... HERE'S THE DELIVERY VAN NOW.



Christmas Eve...

RIGHT, WE'LL JUST GO ON THE RIDE ONE MORE TIME SHALL WE? THEN WE'LL GET A FEW EXTRA GOODIES FOR TOMORROW...



COOL!

THANKS, UNCLE EDDIE!

IT'S GREAT HAVING YOU TWO FOR CHRISTMAS AGAIN... I HOPE CRESSIDA AND MALCOLM ARE ENJOYING THEIR WINTER EXPEDITION...



H... HOW ON EARTH D... DID WE GET HERE?



ERM... YOU ARE S... SURE THAT P... P... POLAR BEARS ARE P... PEACE-LOVING ANIMALS, AREN'T YOU?



John Fardell '88



Film Fun  
presents  
Ben Turpin  
in  
**PRIME  
SUSPECT**  
6



RIGHT, GOOD MORNING EVERYONE. NOW, THERE'S BEEN A MURDER AT THE DOCKS. ANOTHER DRUGS DEAL GONE WRONG. THE MET HAVE SENT US THEIR TOP MAN, D.I. TURPIN.



HE'S JUST GONE TO GET A BIG COLORED PIE. ANYWAY, ALAN, YOU AND FRANK GO DOWN TO THE VICTIM'S ADDRESS. START KNOCKING ON DOORS, FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN ABOUT HIM.



MEANWHILE, ANDY AND STEVE GO OVER ONE THING: SEE IF THEY HAVE ANY DETAILS OF THE M.O. THEY GET OVER TO THE LAB FOR THE POST MORTEM.

